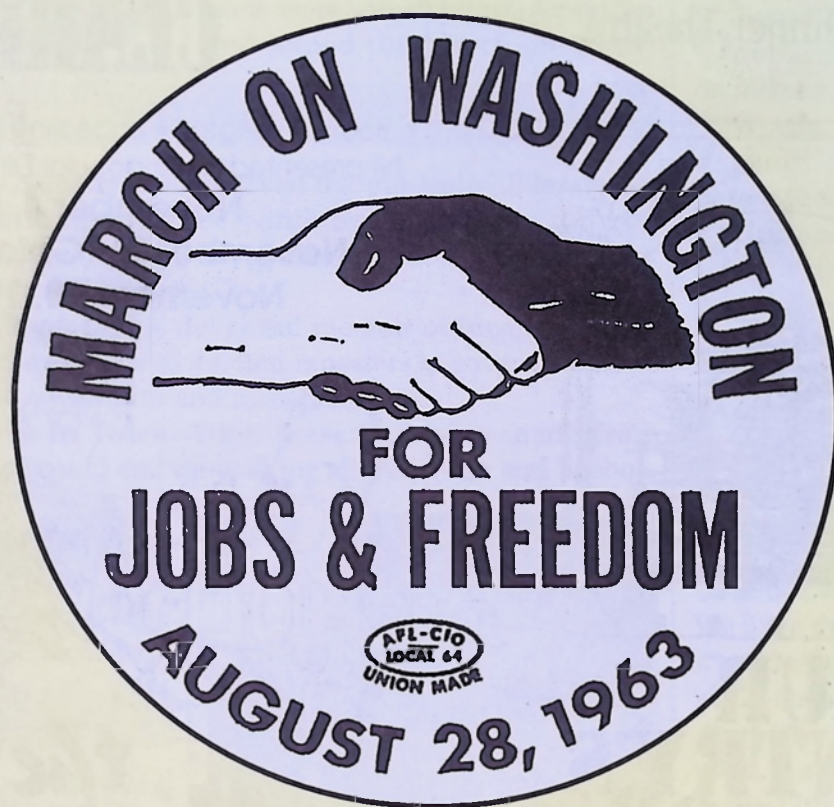


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CONTENTS

COVER STORY

12 **Free at Last.** Thirty years ago, while preparing to leave for Africa with the Peace Corps, Tom Parks, newly graduated from Stanford, overcame a feeling that political demonstrations were somehow un-American and joined the March on Wash-

ington, where he ended up with a front-row seat at Martin Luther King's famous speech.

COLUMNS & REVIEWS

6 **Tuned In.** A new study decries public TV's growing reliance on income from membership.

7 **Words.** After watching "Jeopardy," Wen Smith hath a thing or two to say.

8 **Outlook.** Russell Sadler says the sales tax will be facing a very different electorate this year.

9 **The Sky.** The stories of the constellations rival those on "As the World Turns."

10 **Nature Notes.** Frank Lang reports on the troubles that have befallen the bull trout.

11 **Journal.** Like a chance to pig out with a clean conscience? We have the answer.

29 **Letter from London.** Hugh Harris is aggravated again.

31 **Theater.** Slasher movies may well have originated in the 17th century.

32 **Recordings.** The classical guitar makes a comeback, thanks to the baby-boomers.

33 **CD Mania.** Fred Flaxman's doubts about Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony are allayed.

35 **Books.** What Edward Teller wired his friends after watching the first H-bomb test.

FEATURES

17 **The Beethoven Nobody Knows.** Even the musically illiterate can whistle the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony, but did you know Beethoven also demonstrated his genius as a choral composer by writing a seldom-performed Mass in C?

19 **Johnny-on-the-Spot.** In this delightful memoir of broadcasting in the 1940s, Karl Barron, one of the first reporters to cover spot news for radio, describes his adventures and misadventures.

23 **Trashiest Shoes in Town.** True, these boots are made from garbage. But they could end up walking all over Nike and Reebok.

SELECTED READINGS

27 **The Russian Monk.** Why Lenin never stood a chance.

POETRY

36 **A Message from the Wanderer.** A poem by Oregon's late laureate, William Stafford.

DEPARTMENTS

38 **Program Guide.** The month on Jefferson Public Radio.

45 **Arts Scene.** What's doing around the region in music, theater, and fine art.

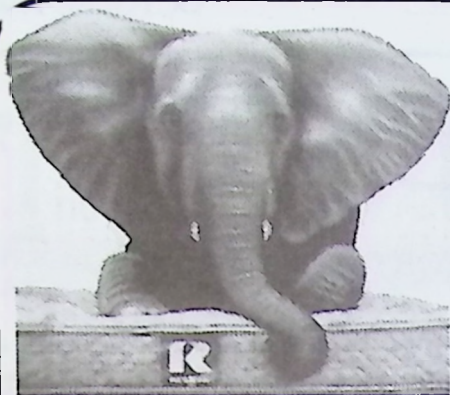


Page 19

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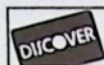
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CORRECTIONS

SOME WHILE BACK, Alexander Cockburn remarked in *The Nation* that the box headed "corrections" is the biggest crock in any publication, because it implies that everything else in the publication is true. Be that as it may, we feel compelled to call your attention here to a couple of our recent sins, in hopes of lightening the weight on our consciences enough to make sleep at night possible again.

—In August, in an article about the Jefferson Lumber Company of Mt. Shasta, Calif., a crew demolishing an old sawmill was described as bulldozing its timbers as an alternative to paying thousands of dollars to dispose of them at a landfill. In fact, the crew was smashing up the wood preparatory to taking it to a landfill, because the contractor didn't realize — what was the point of the article — that such lumber can be recycled and thus retains

considerable value. The error, needless to say, crept in while the article was being edited, and wasn't the fault of the author, V.J. Gibson.

—In September, the demons of electronic publishing ate the last word of a book review by the editor, then compounded the insult by eating his byline. How this happened we'll never know: both missing items appear on the video image of the page and on the laser-printed proofs of the issue. We can only conclude that passengers on the Quark XPress, like passengers on the Orient Express, should be warned that it's dangerous to lean out the windows. At all events, if you were left wondering how the review turned out, the last sentence, before its amputation, read: "Always carry spare change."

Embarrassing though they are, screwups like the above are good for journalists, because they result in redoubled vigilance. Trust us — these pages have been marred by imperfections for the very last time. We've said it before, and we'll say it again. No more mistakes!

—S.B.

TUNE IN

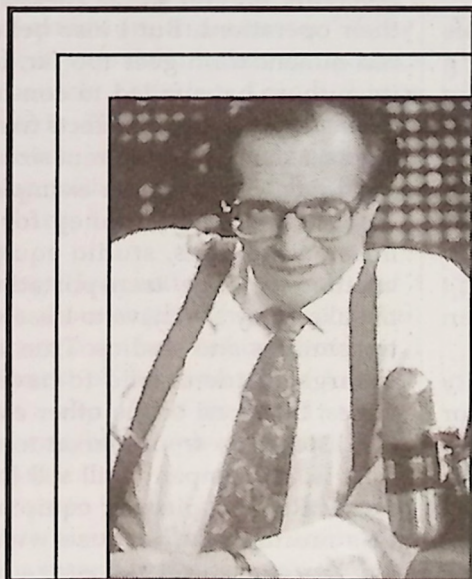
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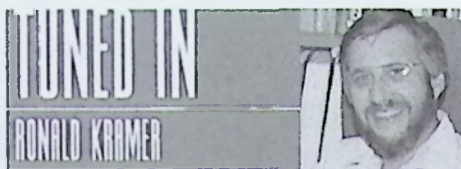
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Still waiting for Carnegie III

IN 1965, the Carnegie Commission published a report that advocated the development of what's come to be known as public broadcasting.

Some years later, the Carnegie Foundation did a follow-up study — known among broadcasters as Carnegie II — that assessed the nation's progress in developing public broadcasting, and forecast that the system would continue to have difficulties with financing.

I've been waiting a long time for a Carnegie III-type study and, in July, one was finally issued, by the Twentieth Century Fund. Unfortunately, *Quality Time*, as the new study is called, covers only public television, and doesn't make clear whether its findings are equally applicable to public radio, which could very much benefit from the same type of external review.

There are good things and bad things about *Quality Time*.

On the positive side, the study decries the fact that public TV's growing reliance on income from membership has resulted in programming increasingly targeted at mass audiences. In a finding that will doubtless warm the hearts of many supporters of public broadcasting, the study also contends that fund-raising techniques that don't rely on on-air drives haven't been adequately looked into.

Again on the positive side, *Quality Time* concludes that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, instead of creating an independent-minded board capable of strengthening the system, has all too often acquiesced in politically inspired appointments. For public broadcasting to be of value to the nation, the report argues, greatly to its credit, it must stand up to politicians bent on watering down its programming and insist on exploring controversial subjects.

Quality Time gets caught up in a paradox, however, when it encourages public TV to become a greater community resource, while citing impres-

sive data suggesting that stations have invested large sums in locally produced programming that's rarely watched. Moreover, in taking these contradictory positions the report misses the point that CPB, as a condition of federal support, has required local public-radio and TV stations to install production equipment, whether or not that equipment is a worthwhile investment.

But perhaps *Quality Time's* most controversial recommendation is that federal funds, which today go partly for national programming and partly to local stations in the form of Community Service Grants (CSGs), be withdrawn from local stations. The Twentieth Century Fund believes that top-quality national programming can't survive without additional support, so it wants to see all federal funds go to programming, and the operating costs of local stations left entirely to their audiences.

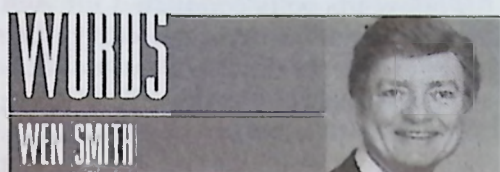
IT SHOULD BE noted that a significant minority of the authors of *Quality Time* distance themselves from this recommendation, which for obvious reasons is sure to be opposed by public stations around the country. Speaking for myself, I'm willing to concede that the CSG program could profit from review, and that some stations may be receiving federal funds inessential to their operations. But I also believe the recommendation goes too far, because its authors have failed to consider the dramatically different effects fixed costs have on stations of different sizes.

All public stations, for example, must come up with the money for transmission facilities, studio equipment, utilities, postage, transportation, and the like. They also have to lease sites for transmitters and studios. True, stations in larger markets tend to have stiffer leases, but none of the other costs I've just listed vary from market to market. That is, no company will sell Jefferson Public Radio a piece of equipment for less money just because we're in a smaller community. Postage to communicate with members also costs the same wherever you are, and even transmitter sites can be much more costly for rural stations, at least in the west, where mountains seriously complicate life for broadcasters.

The fact is that many small markets wouldn't have public broadcasting at all without the CSG program. The fixed

costs of operation simply eat up an excessive percentage of the total budgets of small stations, and it's unrealistic to expect audiences to bear the burden of those costs without federal assistance, as *Quality Time* recommends. Still, the report is an important contribution to the health of public broadcasting. It may not be entirely on the mark, but it raises questions that demand answers.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.



Giveth me a break

FOR A NUMBER of unexplainable reasons, my wife and I have become "Jeopardy" junkies. Maybe it's because we like to see other people in jeopardy while we ourselves are in the comfort of our home. Or maybe we think we'd be good contestants.

We're sure it can't be the format. It's not a question-and-answer show, because it puts the *a* before the *q*, and I don't much care for doing things backwards. Host Alex Trebek presents an answer, and contestants have to come up with the fitting question. The only thing I do that way is my tax return.

During "Jeopardy," my wife and I average about three right questions out of ten, two from her and one from me. I spend most of the time trying to catch Alex in a slip of the tongue. The other night, I caught him on an obscure point of grammar.

"Listen to that," I said. Alex had stated an answer about the amount of liquid it takes "to make a cup runneth over."

I groaned. "That's a boo-boo, Alex."

"It's biblical language," my wife said.

"Ridiculous," I said. "The Bible never makes a cup *runneth* over."

"Twenty-third psalm," she said.

"Wrong," I said. "The psalm says, 'My cup runneth over.' It would never say something *makes* the cup *runneth* over."

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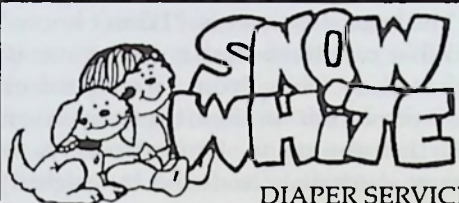
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"I see your point," my wife said. "Something makes it run over."

"That's it," I said. "*Runneth* means runs. I run, thou runnest, the cup runneth. That lisping *-eth* is the third-person singular ending. It's never used on an infinitive."

"Shall I get out your chalkboard?" she said.

She had caught me using my lecture voice. That happens when I watch an intellectual show like "Jeopardy" or "The Dating Game."

**A: An infinitive
Q: What endeth not in —eth?**

"Make fun if you want," I said, "but the Bible says, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.'"

To *lieth* down would be ridiculous."

By that time, I'd missed how much liquid it takes to make a cup run over. Of course, my wife knew.

"Just one drop doth it," she said. I should have thought of that myself. It's the first excess drop that maketh a cup run over. She had the grammar right, too.

Final jeopardy for the evening went back to the Bible, and it was a doozie of an answer. Alex said, "No book of the Bible is named for him, but long after he cast a stone and smote the Philistine, he wrote one of those books."

"That was David," my wife said. "He wrote the Psalms."

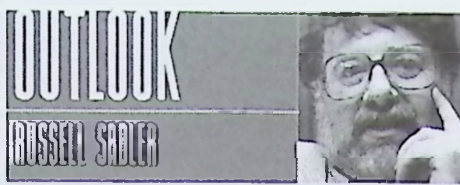
"Right, but you lose," I said. "You didn't put it in the form of a question. That would cost you the money in final jeopardy."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," she said.

After the show, we looked that line up in the Book of Job. She'd misquoted it slightly, but at least she had the grammar right.

I guess my wife and I will go on being "Jeopardy" junkies. Doing trivial things backwards is the way of the world these days. Whether we'd ever qualify as contestants — that's still in the form of a question.

Wen Smith's *Speaking of Words* is heard on the Jefferson Daily every Monday afternoon, and on KSOR's First Concert Saturdays at 10 a.m.



The sales tax faces a different electorate

DOES THE sales tax have a chance?" and "Will the sales tax pass?" are the two questions people ask me most often these days.

The honest answer is: "I don't know."

What reporters *think* is irrelevant. It's what they *know* from first-hand experience that makes their opinions worth listening to. Unfortunately, too many journalists, seduced by celebrity, come to believe readers are more interested in what they think than what they know.

Does the sales tax have a chance? Let's look at what we *know* about a sales tax, then you can make up your own mind.

One thing we know is that a sales tax has been rejected by Oregon's voters eight times since the Great Depression — as some of my lazier colleagues in the media constantly remind you. This fashionable cliché assumes that, since Oregonians have defeated the sales tax eight times in 60 years, it's silly to bring it back to the voters yet again, because the results will be the same.

But things aren't the same. A recent demographic survey by the Oregon Progress Board shows that 29% of the people who live in Oregon today didn't live in the state in 1987, the last time we voted on a sales tax. With nearly one-third of our current population made up of people who've arrived in the last six years, clearly assumptions based on past voter behavior on the sales tax are risky, because the state's voting population is substantially different.

Then, too, we know that Oregonians expected the Legislature to replace lost property-tax revenue when they passed Measure 5 in November 1990. Portland pollster Robert Moore found that 70% of those he polled shortly after Measure 5 was approved by the voters expected the 1991 Legislature to pass some new form of taxes.

Again, a series of polls on

Oregonians' attitudes toward government and taxation conducted for Associated Oregon Industries (AOI) beginning last fall revealed that Oregonians were mostly divided over a sales tax. If the sales tax was constitutionally dedicated to education and couldn't be spent on anything else, 47% of those polled favored it, 47% opposed it, and the rest were undecided.

The sales tax the Legislature has sent to the voters is constitutionally dedicated to education, and can't be spent on anything else.

Follow-up polls conducted for AOI have shown one thing clearly. The deeper the Legislature cut school-district budgets, the more willing Oregonians were to consider a sales tax. But the AOI poll also showed that not everyone was equally willing to consider new taxes.

Women of all ages, most newcomers to the state, Democrats, public employees, and men under 45 were the most willing to consider a sales tax. A minority of newcomers and the overwhelming majority of men over 45 were the most consistently opposed to any effort to restructure the state's tax system.

WE KNOW from other polls conducted by the Oregon Progress Board and from a study of Oregonians' values and beliefs conducted for the Portland-based Oregon Business Council that Oregonians rank education second among government services, right behind fire and emergency services. They also rank a community committed to quality education second, right behind access to hospitals and health care, and just ahead of safe neighborhoods and parks.

We know from the same polls that Oregonians think public schools aren't adequately addressing changing needs and the nature of work today. In the Oregon Business Council survey, more than 60% of parents with school-aged children said major change is needed in their local neighborhood schools. Adults with no children in school were less likely to have an opinion.

These demographic differences of age, gender, and length of residency hold the key to the fate of the sales tax.

The Republican leadership in the

state House originally intended to end this year's session without putting any tax-reform proposal on the ballot. The united front of conservative opposition crumbled, however, as the Legislature began cutting school-district budgets and many charter members of its no-new-taxes crowd were stunned to find their cuts attacked from an entirely unexpected quarter — conservative Republican suburbanites with children in school. This group, the polls conducted for AOI clearly show, holds the fate of the sale tax in its hands. As the Legislature cut school budgets further, conservative Republican suburbanites from Beaverton to Ashland became more inclined to consider the sales-tax proposal. That's why the Legislature couldn't leave for home without it.

Will the sales tax pass? I still don't know. That's up to you, not me. But beware of the shopworn rhetoric of the dogmatic Democrats and the rigid Republicans opposing any sales tax. These tired ideologues are out of touch with the concerns and aspirations of the swing voters on this issue.

Russell Sadler's **Oregon Outlook** is heard Monday through Friday on Jefferson Public Radio's Morning News and on the Jefferson Daily.



Celestial soap opera

WHERE THE STARS are concerned, the sky abounds in stories. Herewith a look at the tales behind some of October's best-known constellations.

Once upon a time, Queen Cassiopeia and King Cepheus ruled over the ancient coastal kingdom of Ethiopia.

Cassiopeia was gorgeous, but she was also extremely vain, and she made the fatal mistake one day of declaring that she was more beautiful than the sea nymphs called by the ancient Greeks the Nereids.

Insulted, the Nereids complained to Poseidon, the god of the sea, who became so enraged that he sent a

terrible sea monster, Cetus, to devour the poor subjects of the boastful queen.

One by one, the people fell prey to the monster, and the country found itself in great peril.

To locate Cassiopeia and Cepheus in the sky, look for the Big Dipper, then follow the two stars at the end of its bowl to the North Star. Cassiopeia and Cepheus lie exactly opposite the North Star from the Dipper, and they're called circumpolar constellations because, along with the Dipper, they rotate counterclockwise around the North Star all night, neither setting nor rising.

Cepheus contains no really bright star, so you'll have to look carefully to spot it. It's shaped like a child's drawing of a house, with the tip of its roof pointing almost to the North Star. The "roof" is the king's head. The "house" is his body, seated on his throne.

Next to Cepheus is the familiar M or W shape of the four stars in Cassiopeia. This is the proud queen's throne. To teach her a lesson in humility, the gods placed her upside down in the sky, with her head circling around the North Star.

AFTER CETUS had devoured many of their people, the Ethiopians learned from an oracle that they could save themselves by sacrificing Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, to Cetus. So they made Cepheus agree to offer up his daughter, and Andromeda was chained to a rock to await her fate.

At that moment, who should be flying overhead but Pegasus, the winged horse, carrying the young hero Perseus, returning from a quest of his own.

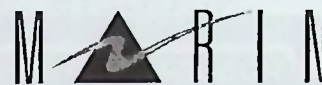
Pegasus is easy to find. Look for the Great Square made of four bright stars in the southeastern sky. The four stars form the body of the winged horse, who, like Cassiopeia, is shown upside down, with his head, front legs, and upper body emerging from the water. The star in the upper left-hand corner of the Great Square is also the beginning of the chained princess Andromeda, who continues on to the east, or left, in three rows of two stars each that appear increasingly far apart. The Andromeda galaxy — one of the nearest to the Milky Way — is visible as a smudge right beside the middle pair of stars in Andromeda.

The sea monster Cetus lies well below

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Where You Belong.

Pegasus, and most of him will remain hidden below the horizon till next month.

As for Perseus, he gave us the spectacular meteor showers we enjoyed in August.

But to return to our story.

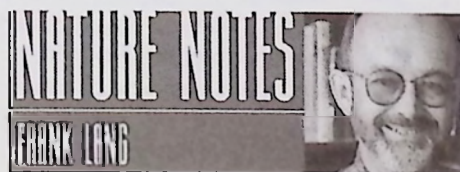
While Perseus was flying across the sky on the back of Pegasus, something terrible caught his eye: the sea monster Cetus about to devour the chained princess Andromeda.

Now Perseus had just slain Medusa and was carrying with him her snake-tressed head, which has the power to turn anyone who looks at it to stone. So Perseus swept down from the sky and held the head before the sea monster.

The result?

Cetus was immediately petrified, the fair princess was saved — and the autumn skies have lived happily ever after.

Richard Moeschl hosts the Milky Way Starlight Theater, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's Rhythm and News and News and Information services.



And that's no bull

WHEN OREGONIANS talk about fish species at risk, they tend to focus on the Rogue River and Columbia River salmon, but the western brook charr, better known as the bull trout (*Salvelinus confluentus*), is also rapidly slipping into oblivion as its habitat in the state diminishes.

For a long time, the bull trout was considered a non-sea-running, inland form of the better known Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus malma*). In 1978, however, T.M. Cavender, after serious study, decided the bull trout possessed enough anatomical and behavioral differences to qualify as a separate species.

One distinctive feature of the bull trout is the number of bony, rib-like structures that give shape and support to the tissues in the throat beneath the head. Bull trout have 25 to 31 of these,

while Dolly Vardens have 19 to 26.

As for their popular name, bull trout probably owe it to their wide, long heads, big mouths, and prominent jaws, and to the fleshy knobs and notches on their noses. They're also voraciously piscivorous — i.e., fish-eating — and therefore, I suppose, bulldog-like, though I've yet to meet a fish-eating bulldog.

By contrast, the ladylike Dolly Varden was named for a character in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* who wore a pink-spotted dress.

Bull trout are members of the charr genus, which is characterized by a paucity of teeth on the roof of the mouth and light spots on a dark background.

Other charrs in Oregon are the lake trout and the brook trout. You can tell the bull trout from these because it lacks the deeply forked tail of the one and the white-edged pelvic and anal fins of the other.

FORMERLY WIDESPREAD from Alaska south to the McCloud River in northern California, the bull trout has as its center of distribution the Columbia Basin. During the Miocene and Pleistocene, there was a connection between the Columbia, Klamath, and Sacramento rivers that made possible the establishment of the bull trout in the latter two areas, but it was never known in Oregon's coastal streams, including the Rogue River.

Like many species today, the bull trout is becoming extinct over much of its former range, and now exists mainly in isolated pockets, though substantial populations still thrive in the Pend Oreille and Priest Lake basins of northern Idaho and the Flathead River of northern Montana.

It was in the 1950s that the bull trout started disappearing from many of its former haunts in Oregon, California, and Washington.

What went wrong? You guessed it. We did.

We humans are the agents of the greatest extinction event since an asteroid did in the dinosaurs, and the disappearance of the bull trout is probably due to changes in water quality wrought by dams, agriculture, logging, and livestock. Or it may be due to competition with imported eastern brook trout, or hybridization with

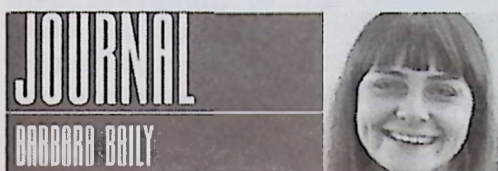
them.

In any case, about the only hope for those bull trout still fortunate enough to be with us is preservation in the few remaining undisturbed streams, especially those on government-managed public lands.

Remember, bull-trout streams are happy streams, clear, clean, and healthy.

Unless of course you're the sort of fish bull trout like to eat for dinner.

Dr. Frank Lang's Nature Notes can be heard Fridays on the Jefferson Daily and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's Classics and News Service. Dr. Wayne Linn co-wrote this column.



What's ten pounds in a good cause?

FORGET THAT DIET.

You don't have to feel guilty about stuffing yourself at "An Evening of Arts and Tarts" in Dunsmuir on Oct. 17, because the proceeds from the event will help bring JPR's Rhythm and News Service to Siskiyou County.

The fun begins at 5:30 p.m. at the Dunsmuir Opera House, 5853 Sacramento Ave. Four restaurants in Mt. Shasta will serve the gourmet desserts, Alpengellars Winery will dispense the vino, and the Northern California Guitar and Ensemble Society will provide the musical digestives.

For the nourishment of the eye, work by 20 local artists will be on display.

Need something special to hang over your sofa? An art auction is scheduled for six o'clock and, if you want to steal a march on the competition, you can check out the work up for auction ahead of time by stopping by the Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave.

Tickets for the evening cost \$8, and can be purchased at the door, or in advance at the gallery.

The event is sponsored by the Dunsmuir Front Street Association,

which hopes you'll come hungry — but not hungry enough to eat the artwork.

For more information, call 916-235-0754.

Welcome to the Tribe: You don't have to be a Native American to join in the dancing at the Stillwater Powwow at Shasta College in Redding on Oct. 8-10. Sponsored by the Native American Cultural Alliance (NACA) and the American Indian Club of Shasta College, the event will also feature, arts, crafts, food, and demonstrations by hoop-dancer Tony Fuentes, a Dakota Sioux. Over \$5,000 in prize money will be awarded, in seven different categories.

"We want everyone in southern Oregon to come down and join us," says NACA coordinator Lisa Whipp. "Our focus is on bringing the tremendous spirit of Native American culture back to kids and families."

At least 2,000 people are expected to attend, according to Whipp. Admission is free, and camping will be available.

The grand entry begins at 7 p.m. on Friday, when the session will last till 11. More sessions will be held from noon to 5 and 7 to midnight on Saturday, with a final session set from 11 to 4 on Sunday. For more information, call 916-275-6728.

Tune That Guitar: Lithia Park will become the folk-music capital of the west coast on Oct. 8-10, when the Ashland Folk Music and Dance Festival takes over the park and the streets around it.

The festival will feature a continuous series of performances, participatory dances, and workshops, many of them

free of charge.

The festival kicks off at 5 p.m. on Friday at the Community Center on Winburn Way with registration and a pot-luck dinner, followed by an international folk dance at 7:30.

On Saturday, both the Community Center and the Ashland Marketplace stage overlooking Ashland Creek will feature continuous music from 11 to 5.

On Saturday afternoon, give peace a chance and help celebrate John Lennon's birthday from 2 to 4 at the Lithia Park bandshell. Also at the bandshell, from 10 to noon on Sunday, music for kids will be offered.

Throughout the festival, at Pioneer Hall next door to the Community Center, Mark Nelson and Twilo Schofield will teach Autoharp, Brooke Friendly will teach the vocally inclined how to sing rounds, and slide guitar will be demonstrated by Eric Park. The cost of each session is \$5.

The new town hall, mercifully emptied of politicians, will be the scene of workshops in American and international dance from 10 to 5 on Saturday and Sunday. Swing, contra, Balkan, and Scandinavian dances will be taught, with the cost of the workshops ranging from \$5 to \$7.

On Saturday evening at 7:30, an old-fashioned barn dance will be held in the gym at Walker Elementary School, 364 Walker Ave.

The Arts Council of Southern Oregon is helping to fund the festival with a \$750 grant, but the grant has to be matched, so, if you want to do your bit for folk music, send whatever you can afford to: AFMC, P.O. Box 63, Ashland, OR 97520.

Continued on page 36



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Free at last

Memories of the March on Washington of 1963

BY TOM PARKS

Under the
left-over
trappings
of the
Eisenhower
years, trouble
was brewing . . .

AT THE TIME, no one suspected that the summer of 1963 was destined to mark the end of the halcyon era we now call the '50s.

True, Eisenhower had been out of office for over two years, and there'd been some bus boycotts and lunch-counter demonstrations in Greensboro, N.C., and Atlanta. But, in June 1963, the riots in Harlem were still a year away, few people had even heard of a place called Vietnam, assassination was something that happened only to long-ago presidents with names like Lincoln and McKinley, and the Berkeley free-speech movement was inconceivable.

In June 1963, American males still wore short hair. The Beach Boys were riding the crest of popularity, and the Beatles were a warm-up band for Roy Orbison.

All the same, under the left-over trappings of the Eisenhower years, trouble was brewing. Racial discrimination, which had long since permeated society, was now starting to destroy it. People who fought in the south for civil rights were being thrown in jail, and Medgar Evers, a civil-rights worker in Mississippi, was murdered.

During the spring of 1963, the

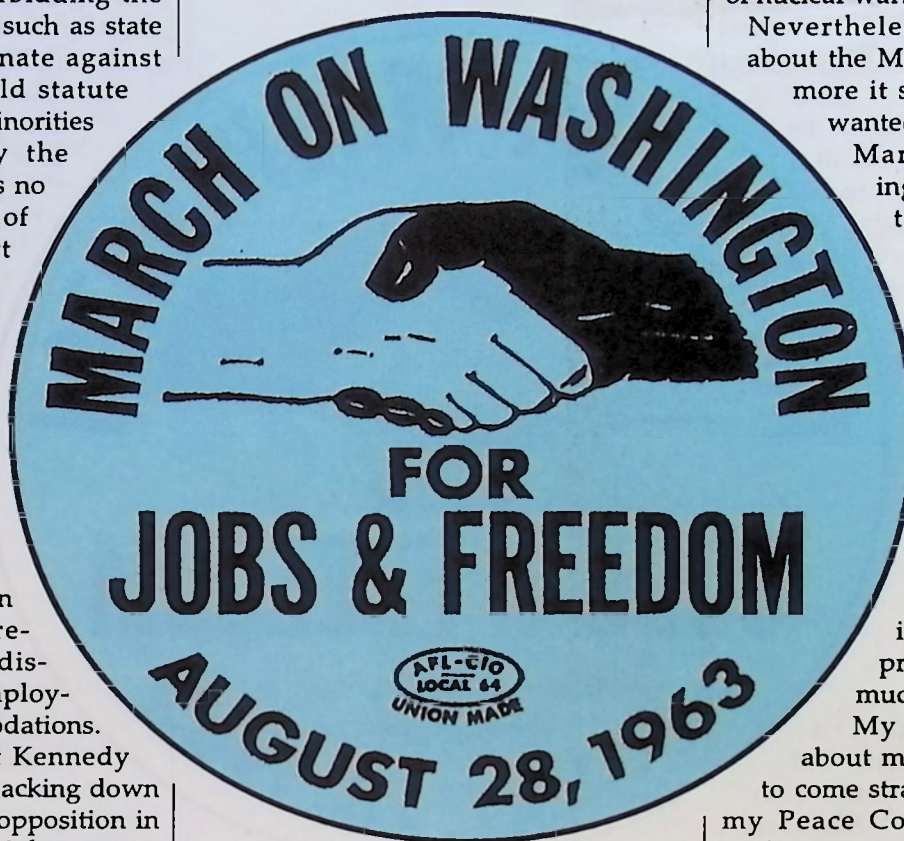
. . . Racial
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governor of Alabama stood in the doorway of the administration building of the University of Alabama to prevent two black students from entering and registering. In response, attorney general Robert Kennedy obtained a federal court order directing the university to register the two. The legal basis for the court order was a post-Civil War federal law forbidding the states and their creations, such as state universities, to discriminate against Negroes. This century-old statute was designed to protect minorities from discrimination by the government. But there was no law to cover private acts of discrimination of the sort then prevalent, in the south and elsewhere, in restaurants, motels, housing, and employment. The victims of these acts had no legal redress and, because Congress hadn't made a serious attempt to pass a civil-rights law for more than a century, the Kennedy administration had proposed a comprehensive bill prohibiting discrimination in private employment and public accommodations. Unfortunately, President Kennedy had developed a habit of backing down when his proposals faced opposition in Congress. So the leaders of the various civil-rights groups, to stiffen his resolve, decided to hold a demonstration in the nation's capital.

TILL THE SUMMER of 1963, I'd lived my entire 22 years in California. That June, however, after graduating from college, I flew to New York City to take part in a Peace Corps training program at Columbia University with a group scheduled to go to Nigeria in September. The program lasted from June 11 to August 25 and, as it drew to a close, I learned that what had come to be called the March on Washington was to be held on August 28.

Most of my fellow Peace Corps trainees were leaving for home on the 26th to spend ten days with their families before heading for Africa. But I felt no urge to rush back to California.

Being in New York had enabled me to see things I'd previously only read about — Battery Park, the Statue of Liberty, Rockaway Beach, Yankee Stadium, Riverside Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the United Nations, the New York Stock Exchange, Lincoln Center, and Greenwich Village — and going to Washington seemed like a great way to



continue getting familiar with my own country before leaving it.

I've been in a number of demonstrations since the March on Washington, so it's hard for me to believe now that I actually had trouble making up my mind whether or not to participate in it. Joining the March required no personal sacrifice or risk, so probably my hesitation was due to the fact that the only demonstrations I'd heard of till then had taken place outside U.S. embassies overseas. The word "demonstration," as a result, tended to connote, in my ears, something vaguely foreign and un-American.

My closest brush with a home-grown protest had come in 1961, when nine of my fellow students at Stanford University had spent a night on the steps of the school library to oppose the detonation by the Soviet Union of a

100-megaton bomb. I was opposed to nuclear testing, too, but it didn't even occur to me to join this protest. I had enough trouble finding time for classwork and sleep without worrying about what Russia was doing on the other side of the world. Besides, holding a vigil outside a library didn't seem to me an effective way to counter the risks of nuclear war.

Nevertheless, the more I thought about the March on Washington, the more it seemed like something I wanted to do. I could go to the March, check out Washington, and still have time to see my parents before taking off for Nigeria. It just so happened, too, that I'd made friends with a girl in my Peace Corps group who lived in Alexandria, Va. I'm sure I'd decided to attend the March before she invited me to stay with her in Alexandria and march with her. But the invitation made the prospect of marching that much more attractive.

My mother wasn't happy about my plans. She wanted me to come straight home at the end of my Peace Corps training, and she couldn't understand why I preferred to go to Washington. So, to counter the maternal guilt she laid on me, I pointed out to her that Eugene Carson Blake was going to be one of the March leaders.

BLAKE HAD BEEN a Presbyterian minister in my hometown of Pasadena. True, we were Methodists, but the two churches enjoyed roughly the same status in my mother's eyes and, as she'd always felt that ministers could do no wrong, I reminded her that, after his stay in Pasadena, Blake had gone on to become the head of the federal Commission on Race Relations, and that his picture had been on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1962. What possible grounds could she have for objecting to my participating in the same activity as this prominent man of

the cloth?

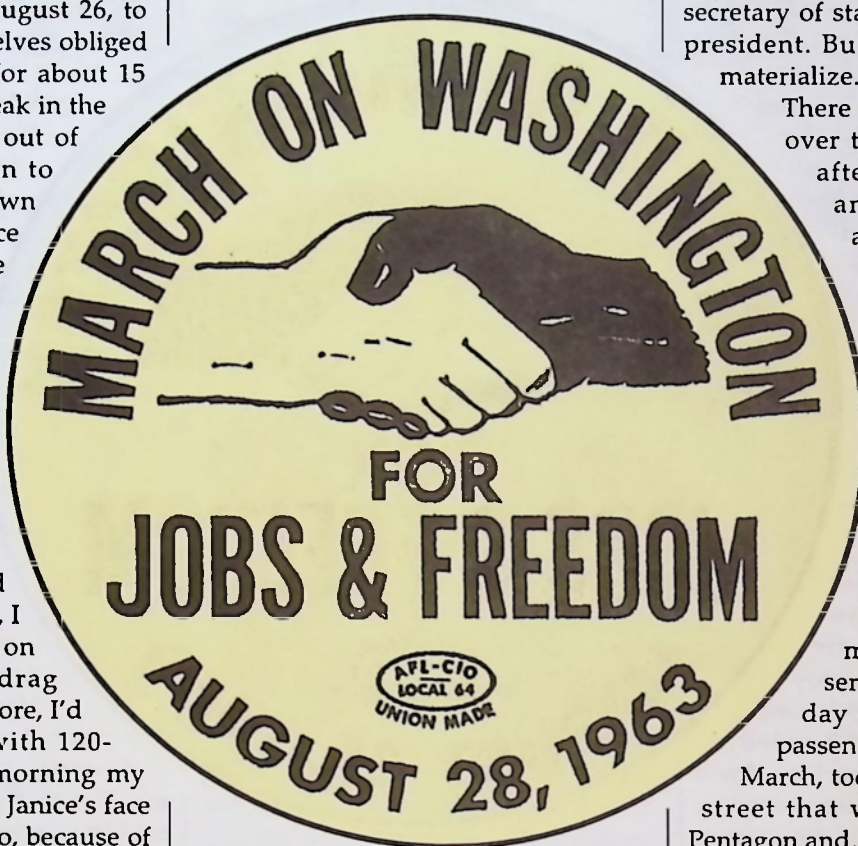
Though I'd been using the New York subways for the past ten weeks, I'd done most of my riding at night or on the weekends, and I didn't realize how crowded the system was during rush hours. When Janice — my friend from Alexandria — and I started out for Washington by trying to get on the subway at 116th Street and Broadway at eight in the morning on August 26, to our chagrin we found ourselves obliged to wait out on the street for about 15 minutes, till there was a break in the flow of bodies coming up out of the subway hatch. I began to wonder if we'd ever get down those steps, especially since the suitcases we were lugging limited our ability to dodge and weave.

The underground walk from Grand Central Station to the Greyhound terminal was an endless succession of white-tiled walls, and my bags soon got so heavy that I couldn't keep my fingers curled around the handles. Finally, I had to set the bags down on the smooth cement and drag them. Just three months before, I'd been doing wrist curls with 120-pound weights, but that morning my wrists gave out completely. Janice's face was covered with sweat, too, because of the trouble she was having with her bags. I guess we should have taken a cab or hired a Red Cap, but we were still in our starving-student mode.

AT LONG LAST, we made it aboard our bus, and crossed the Hudson River. As we traveled south through New Jersey, the names of all the towns we passed were oddly familiar. I'd never been in the state before, but I was an American consumer and these towns were all manufacturing sites or the headquarters of large companies, so I recognized their names from box tops, labels, and wrappings: Newark, Jersey City, East Orange, Trenton, and Camden.

We took the bus all the way into Washington, and got a friendly reception at the downtown D.C.

terminal. Somewhere over the past few days, I'd acquired a large button showing a black hand shaking a white hand, with the legend: "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, August 28, 1963." I was wearing this as I got off the bus, and a black man with a clerical collar came up to me, shook my hand, and said: "Welcome, brother." He



also said he'd see me out by "the pools" during the March. I was soon to learn he was referring to the reflecting pools that run from the Lincoln Memorial to the Washington Monument, but I wasn't sure what he meant at the time.

The next day, August 27, Janice and I took her mother's car back into town from Alexandria for some sightseeing. I was pleased that both she and her mother expected me to drive, even though I hadn't driven all summer, had never driven outside California, and was completely unfamiliar with the Washington area. Their expectations gave me what I now realize was a coming-of-age feeling. True, today such a feeling might be described as sexist, but the concept of sexism hadn't then been discovered.

My most memorable experience that day was a visit to the Treasury

Department. It was awesome to watch a continuous sheet of paper 20 feet wide zipping past at 200 feet per second, with all those little dollar bills printed on it.

On the other hand, our tour of the White House proved to be a big disappointment. I guess I'd expected to see Jackie Kennedy and Caroline playing together on the lawn, or the secretary of state coming in to brief the president. But these visions failed to materialize.

There were temporary signs all over the city banning parking after 2 a.m. on August 28, and Janice's mother advised us not to drive on the day of the March. "Too much congestion," she said. With all those temporary no-parking signs, we wouldn't have been able to park anyway, so the next morning we caught the bus to town before 7 a.m.

The bus was crowded and, having heard that most of Washington's civil servants had been given the day off, I figured my fellow passengers were headed for the March, too. But then the bus took a street that went right through the Pentagon and, when it stopped at a gate there, almost everybody got off. We were left to drive into the District with a 90% vacancy rate.

WE'D MADE plans to meet some of our Peace Corps buddies at the Washington Monument, where the first events of the day were to take place. We were early, though, and most of the people we found on the Monument grounds were working for the March organization. A big green tent had been erected on the grass, and in it were stacks of printed placards stapled to neatly cut sticks. These mass-produced signs had been paid for by labor unions, most notably the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and they said things like: "We march for integrated schools *now*," or: "We demand an end

to job bias *now*." It seemed to me, however, that this mass production robbed the messages of their punch, since it was clear the words wouldn't be those of the people carrying the signs.

Meanwhile, buses kept arriving and depositing loads of marchers. We saw buses from Alabama, California, and Mississippi, and there was even one from New York bearing lunches made by volunteers at Riverside Church, where I'd been for the last ten weeks.

Every time a bus rolled in, the crowd around the Monument would let out a big cheer. One of the biggest cheers was for a bus from Louisiana. James Farmer, the head of the Congress of Racial Equality, was supposed to have been one of the leaders of the March, but he'd just been jailed somewhere in Louisiana.

Once disembarked, the new arrivals went straight to the green tent and picked up signs. They seemed to know exactly what they were doing, and their unimpeded access to the tent and the piles of signs made it plain that their participation had been orchestrated by the March leadership.

As we walked around looking at the crowd, I noticed that you could see the White House and the Truman balcony from the Washington Monument. The White House looked so grand I almost forgot how disappointing my tour had been the day before. Then I ran into a guy I knew from college, and we spoke to each other as casually as at a chance meeting between classes on campus. I guess we were both trying to be cool and sophisticated, as though we'd always hung around the Washington Monument.

THE SIGNS FROM the green tent were now everywhere and, on a temporary platform, Pete Seeger and Peter, Paul, and Mary were entertaining the crowd with folk songs about freedom and justice (peace wasn't much of an issue at the time). Speeches alternated with the songs, and everything seemed to be

going according to schedule. The police, too, were friendly and helpful: unlike some Vietnam war protests I was to attend a few years later, this demonstration had the official Washington seal of approval.

Around noon, when the actual march was supposed to start, there was an unexpected development. Everybody

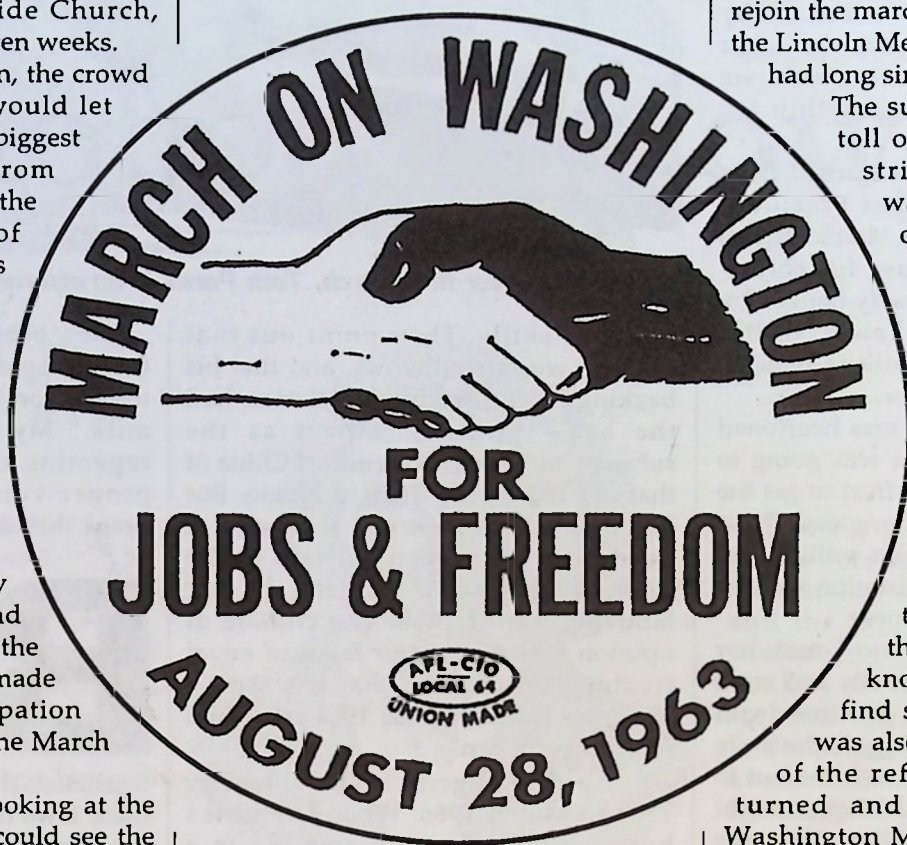
standing in the sun for five hours, so we split off from the crowd and wandered into the city, in search of refreshment. All the bars were closed, though — the sale of liquor had been prohibited for the day — and many stores were closed, too. But we finally found a place where we could sit down for a while over hamburgers and Cokes.

When we felt sufficiently rested to rejoin the marchers, we walked down to the Lincoln Memorial, where the leaders had long since arrived.

The summer heat had taken its toll on decorum. People had stripped down and were wading in the pools, many of the printed signs were strewn about the ground, and some of the less hardy souls were being ministered to inside Red Cross first-aid tents. Everywhere were picnics, bare midriffs, and sunburns, but, when we approached the Memorial, we were able to get within 20 yards of the speakers' stand. I don't know how we managed to find such a great spot, but it was also right on the center line of the reflecting pools. When I turned and looked back at the Washington Monument, its reflection was pointing straight at me.

MARTIN LUTHER King was the last to speak. As he approached the rostrum, I remember thinking he looked just the way he did on television, except that he was a little shorter than I'd imagined. There was a high tremolo in his voice reminiscent of the old-time religion, and his style of delivery was a little overripe for my taste, but it was good. I can still hear certain passages:

"Someday in America, children will be judged, not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. I have a dream." There were a lot of phrases in the speech that ended with *I have a dream*, and as the crowd began to pick up on the cadence, it roared with increasing volume after each repetition.



was supposed to walk from the Monument along both sides of the reflecting ponds to the Lincoln Memorial, with Martin Luther King, Jr., A. Philip Randolph, and Eugene Carson Blake arm in arm at the head of the parallel processions. But some of the younger civil-rights leaders had gotten impatient waiting for the speeches to end, and started marching with their followers ahead of the big names. The commentators on the evening news would later point to this as a sign that the veteran civil-rights leadership was losing touch with younger activists. And indeed this may well have been the first public hint of the imminent advent of organizations such as the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

By the time the marching finally started, everyone in our group was feeling pretty tired and hot. We'd been

I was getting caught up in the crowd's reaction, too, and felt as if I were part of something significant — something that mattered, and that would change my life.

When King arrived at his last words — *Free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty, I'm free at last!* — the crowd cheered for a long time.

I was sorry the speech had to end. I wanted it to go on forever. But finally Janice and I said goodbye to the other Peace Corps people, knowing we'd see them again in New York within ten days.

Back in Alexandria, we learned from the six-o'clock news that President Kennedy had invited the March leaders over to the White House for coffee. There were shots of Kennedy flanked by King, Randolph, John Lewis, Walter Reuther and, for my mother's benefit, even Eugene Carson Blake.

The president said he was heartened by the March, but that it was going to take a strong bipartisan effort to get the civil-rights bill through Congress. Those who had doubts about his willingness to work hard for the legislation weren't encouraged by this statement.

The next day, Janice and I took her mother's car back into the city and went to lunch with a friend of mine from college who was working in the state department. Then Janice took me out to Dulles International, and I flew straight to Los Angeles. I was still wearing the March on Washington badge when my parents met me at the airport.

NOW THAT 30 years have passed, I'm not sure the March on Washington constituted as great a leap forward for the civil-rights movement as I felt in 1963. Still, it was a step.

Eighty-six days after the March, President Kennedy was assassinated. At the time of his death, his civil-rights legislation had bogged down in Congress, but Lyndon Johnson, who before succeeding to the presidency had spent most of his political life in the Senate as majority leader, got the Civil Rights Act of 1964 passed into law.

Some say that, if Kennedy had lived, the legislation would never have passed, because, despite appearances, he lacked the commitment or Johnson's



30 years after the March, Tom Parks is an attorney practicing in Medford.

political skills. They point out that Johnson was a southerner, and that his backing of civil-rights legislation had the same kind of impact as the subsequent visit to Communist China of that old red-baiter, Richard Nixon. But the 1964 act was part of a long-term trend. And it was soon followed by the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and the Fair Housing Act of 1968. The climate of opinion was moving in favor of equal treatment for all, so that it wasn't a question of whether the 1964 act would pass, but of when.

I stayed in Nigeria from September 1963 to March 1966. When I returned home, Bill Cosby was starring in a network-television show called "I Spy," and for the first time I saw blacks in TV commercials. Stores and banks in Pasadena that had previously been staffed solely by whites had also hired black people — and not just to stock shelves, but to wait on the public.

By the time I moved to the Rogue Valley and had children of my own, the increased presence of blacks in the media — on "Sesame Street," for example, and in the Superfly genre of films — had, curiously enough, produced a sort of reverse prejudice in my kids. Since there were no black students at the Jacksonville School or McLoughlin Junior High School, television had led my kids to believe that blacks were super-cool and superior to the rather mundane and stodgy white folks they saw on a daily basis — folks like their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Whitebread.

"Hey, baby," said a black member of the Portland Trail Blazers in an ad for the Oregon Dairy Council, "drink your milk." My kids loved to go around repeating that phrase, using all the proper voice inflections. And they drank their milk, too.

BACK IN 1963, opponents of civil-rights legislation often argued that the treatment of Negroes was a moral issue, and that morality couldn't be legislated. (I never heard anyone accuse these laws of providing "special rights" for Negroes. That insidious phrase had yet to be conceived.) But once they were on the books, the civil-rights laws *did* change our behavior, and we're all better off for it. These laws not only opened up housing and employment and brought more blacks into the political process, they also provided a sorely needed justification for many who wanted to treat African-Americans as equals, but had previously felt unable to buck social pressures.

Recent incidents on some college campuses have left me wondering whether race relations in this country are regressing. The skinheads and the white Aryan brotherhoods also remind us that we have a way to go before we end discrimination. But, though race problems may linger for a long time, the March on Washington remains a proud moment: a day when 300,000 Americans petitioned their government to do the right thing.

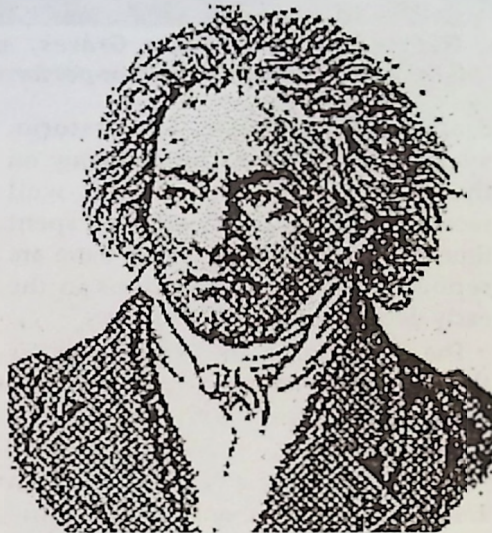
The Beethoven nobody knows

ARE YOU READY for a "new" work by Beethoven? Nearly everyone's heard of the master's symphonies, piano sonatas, and chamber pieces, but he also wrote some relatively unknown choral works, including the Mass in C, which the music department at Southern Oregon State College hopes to make more familiar with a complete performance at its annual Beethoven Festival later this month.

The program at the festival, to be performed twice, will also include one movement from another little-known choral work, *The Mount of Olives*, Beethoven's only oratorio.

The Mass in C, composed in 1807 at about the same time as the Fourth Piano Concerto and the Fifth and Sixth symphonies, owes its existence to Prince Nikolaus Esterhazy II, Haydn's last patron. Each year, in conjunction with the celebration of his wife's name day on September 8, the prince asked a composer to write a mass — that is, a choral setting of portions of the Communion service of the Catholic Church.

Beethoven, who'd had no previous experience setting the text of the Eucharist to music, was ill at ease with this commission, perhaps in part because Haydn, who wrote his last six



masses for Esterhazy, had been so successful in the genre. In any case, Beethoven spent the summer of 1807 at work on the composition, and then went to Eisenstadt, where the prince's palace was, to prepare for the performance on September 13, a Sunday.

The musicians were apparently less than enthusiastic. On the Saturday, only one of the five altos showed up for the rehearsal, and Esterhazy actually had to demand that all the singers and instrumentalists participate on the following day.

The mass was presented as part of the church service and, after it was over, when the royal entourage met with the composer to discuss the performance, the highly conservative prince made his music director, an individual by the name of Hummel, snicker by saying:

"But, my dear Beethoven, what's this you've done again?"

Wounded by the prince's comment and the music director's laughter, Beethoven left the room — though to this day it's not known if the hapless Hummel was laughing at Beethoven or at the prince's question. What we do know is that Beethoven never sent Esterhazy the manuscript of the score, and didn't dedicate it to him when the work was finally published, in 1812.

BEETHOVEN HAD difficulty interesting publishers in the Mass in C, because they felt there was no demand for church music of this type. Nevertheless, he was very satisfied with the work and, when it at last appeared in print, included with it a German translation of the traditional Latin and Greek text, in hopes that this would make it more attractive to Protestant musicians. He felt the mass would bring him fame, even if it didn't bring him any profits.

The Mass in C is scored for chorus and orchestra, and for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass soloists. The soloists are treated mostly as an ensemble, though, and none has an extended solo.

The mass has many touches that are classic Beethoven, including the harmonies and key relationships. The

work is also cyclical, in that the opening music returns at the end, though with a different text.

It's true that the Mass in C has been overshadowed by the later *Missa Solemnis*, but the earlier work is much more accessible, both to performers and listeners. Without the Mass in C, indeed, the grander and more innovative *Missa Solemnis* couldn't conceivably have been written. Moreover, the two works occupy an important place in the development of choral music from the masses of Mozart and Haydn to those of later composers.



Alice Turner, Renee Roseland, Roger Graves, and Nick Tennant will be conducted by Paul French (right) in Beethoven's seldom-performed Mass in C.

Beethoven's lone oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*, is rarely heard today, but its premiere in Vienna in 1803 marked his debut as a composer of

dramatic vocal music. The oratorio, whose text describes Christ's agony on the Mount of Olives, wasn't well received at first, but Beethoven spent time rewriting it in 1811, and there are reports of many productions in the early decades of the 19th century.

The final chorus, the "Hallelujah," is the only part frequently performed today, though rarely with the orchestral accompaniment.

The Mass in C, the "Hallelujah" from *The Mount of Olives*, and the delightful Trio for clarinet, cello, and piano, Op. 11, can all be heard at the SOSC Music Recital Hall in Ashland on Oct. 23 at 8 p.m. and Oct. 24 at 4 p.m.

The chorus will be made up of singers from throughout the region, including SOSC faculty and students and

members of the Southern Oregon Repertory Singers.

The soloists in the Mass in C, all local performers, will be soprano Alice Turner, alto Renee Roseland, tenor Roger Graves, and bass Nick Tennant. The orchestra will include members of the Rogue Valley Symphony, under the direction of Dr. Paul French of the SOSC music faculty.

The Trio will be played by clarinetist Lori Calhoun, cellist Lisa Truelove, and pianist Dr. Frances Madachy of the SOSC music faculty.

Tickets are available through the SOSC music-department office for \$12.50, with a limited number of student tickets available for \$5.

Two lectures will also be presented as part of the Beethoven Festival.

At noon on Oct. 11, in Room 313 of the Stevenson Union, Dr. John Miller will speak on "Beethoven and His Music."

That same evening, at 7:30, in Music 231, Drs. Margaret Evans and Paul French will discuss the Mass in C.

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Johnny-on-the-spot

In which one of the first radio newsmen to take a mike out into the real world reminisces about his friends Henry, Earl, and Eleanor

THE MICROPHONE quivered in my right hand. Had I been more religious, I'd have crossed myself with my left. Instead, I rang the doorbell.

There was a pause — which lasted forever.

I said into the mike: "I hope you're recording, Jack."

The door, from which the paint was peeling, opened a crack. Through it, I could see just enough of the man's face to know he was it — the face in the mug shot.

I'd struck gold — if he didn't decide to shoot me.

"We" — the voice was right out of Brooklyn — "don't want none!"

"I'm looking — er — for a Mr. — ah — " (Later, when I listened to the recording, I could hear a tremolo in my voice.)

He cut me off. "He ain't here!" And the door slammed.

I exhaled a gallon of air, and said: "Okay, Jack, I'm coming back."

Dragging the mike cord behind me, I ran for the corner of the run-down building, and literally fell into the station wagon.

Half an hour later, the voice of the man in the doorway was being broadcast on KYA. Just two hours after that, the San Francisco police department picked up the wanted minor mobster on murder charges. He was later convicted.

This was just another day in the life of one of radio's first on-the-spot news reporters — yours truly.

In San Francisco during World War II,



The author in 1944, the first year of on-the-spot news coverage at radio station KYA in San Francisco.

KYA had the top audience for news. With television still in the wings, radio was the medium for the public avid for instant happenings, and KYA had come up with a formula that capsuled the news for ten minutes, every hour on the hour.

Admittedly, a lot of that news was pure hype. Our editor, a short graying cynic named Hal Rosson who'd been a Hearst papers rewrite man for years, was adept at expanding nothing stories into major headlines.

When Don Fedderson, the station manager (later a Hollywood film producer), was looking for an editor to put together *saleable* news, he was lucky enough to hit upon Hal. A character right out of *The Front Page*, Hal yelled, screamed, and was as reactionary as one would expect of a longtime Hearst minion. Yet he was a fair man. The day Franklin Roosevelt died, when an idiot "newsman" made a derogatory comment, Hal shouted: "You bastard, get the hell out of here!"

The news staff, apart from Hal, consisted of two to a shift. We took turns on each newscast, one writing and the other voicing.

Rewriting under Hal was a mixture of typing and cutting-and-pasting. He could take a paragraph from the press wire and a clip from the morning paper, then type a few words between them and come up with a story that sounded brand-new.

I THINK THE IDEA of on-the-spot coverage originated with our lurid sister station in Los Angeles. At least, when I was still figuring out how to do it, I was sent down there to "learn the ropes."

L.A. was already operating an on-the-spot reporter, a typical wannabe actor marking time as a two-bit newshound till the day when he'd become a film star. He and his engineer dashed me about the Hollywood hills on a sleazy murder case, on which his reporting consisted of interviewing some cops on a hillside and describing the ripening corpse.

I vowed I could do better than that and, after a day in L.A., I returned to the comparative sanity of The City and went back to work.

This was in 1944, when recordings were still made on acetate discs, as they'd been since the inception of broadcasting. Tape was unknown. Wire recorders had been used by the armed forces during the war, but had died still-born. So the only way to carry out this cockamammy on-the-spot scheme was with discs.

A character right out of 'The Front Page,' Hal was adept at expanding nothing stories into major headlines

To this end, we acquired a station wagon and rigged out its rear space with a cumbersome recording machine and a power converter to use the car battery at 110 volts. The station wagon was the domain of a technician named Jack, who was a very conscientious fellow — most of the time.

Hotels were relatively easy to work in and, when Henry Wallace, the vice president, on his way to the Far East on a mission, scheduled a press conference in his sixth-floor suite at the Palace Hotel, with mike and cable in hand I shouldered my way through two dozen reporters in the outer room.

The bedroom of the suite fronted on the alley — named for a pioneer hooker — where Jack was parked. I dropped the cable out the window, Jack yelled up an okay, and I was turning to go back to the front room when I found the path blocked by a figure who seemed somehow familiar.

"Why are you in my bedroom?" he said amiably.

"You see Mr. Wallace — er — Mr. Vice President," I stammered, "I'm a radio reporter, and I'm — er —"

Wallace's eyes followed the cable from the mike in my hand to the window. He went over, looked out, and said: "Aha. Your recording machine is in the station wagon."

"Yes, sir, it is." Muttering under my breath: "Go, Jack," I held the mike as unobtrusively as possible and asked: "What's the purpose of your trip, Mr. Wallace?"

Not fooled for a moment, the vice president slouched on the edge of the bed and, with a little prodding, gave me

about seven minutes of good copy.

"That's about it," he finished. "Those guys in the other room'll be getting antsy."

He waited while I unhooked the mike and dropped the cable, then held out his hand in farewell and gestured to me to go out ahead of him.

As I passed through the outer room, a *Chronicle* reporter said: "What's the matter? Wasn't your mike cord long enough?"

With a straight face, I made my exit amidst loud jeers.

Before the press conference was over, Wallace's voice was on KYA's hourly

newscast. The *Chronicle* newsroom was markedly cold to me for the next few weeks, and a number of reporters refused even to speak to me.

THE WALLACE SCOOP was pure luck, but the Earl Warren almost-fiasco was averted, thanks to the understanding of a truly fine man.

Warren, then governor of California, was scheduled to appear at the dedication of an official building in Monterey and, since my wife, Gwen, wanted to make the trip, she and I crowded into the front seat of the station wagon with Jack. Afterwards, the plan called for Gwen and me to take the recording back by chartered plane.

A platform had been specially built for the dedication, and Jack found a neat parking place right behind it. I couldn't see the station wagon from the platform, though, because of the backing.

The governor was a bit early and, when I introduced myself, he suggested that we record the interview before the ceremony. This seemed like a great idea, so we sat in a couple of folding chairs, I gave Jack the go-ahead, and we began to talk.

Warren was still talking when a floridly overdressed lady waltzed over and said: "It's time for your excellency to make his appearance."

I quickly signed off and, with a wry smile at me, his excellency moved to the front behind the lady.

Hurrying around the back of the platform, I found the station wagon — but no Jack! A frantic search located him in a Mexican cantina having a beer.

"You didn't warn me you were going to start early," was his aggrieved reaction.

I hustled him back to the wagon in time to record the ceremony and, when it ended, I approached Warren and explained the situation.

He plunked himself down into the folding chair again and said: "Okay, let's do it over."

Warren was a great man who of course later became chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, but I swear I've never referred to him as "my friend Earl," no matter what my daughter says.

After we redid the interview, Jack ran us out to the airport, where the inevitable Monterey fog was rolling in rapidly and the Beechcraft twin-engine from San Carlos had yet to arrive.

We stood by the tarmac, trying to see through the mist.

The airport attendant was a wizened little man whose voice rasped from long years of shouting above plane engines. Squinting at the disappearing sky, he screeched:

"If your plane don't get here in the next ten minutes, she ain't gonna get in!"

Five minutes passed.

My eyes were now on my watch rather than on the non-existent sky. Suddenly, the little man tilted his head sideways, though I couldn't hear anything.

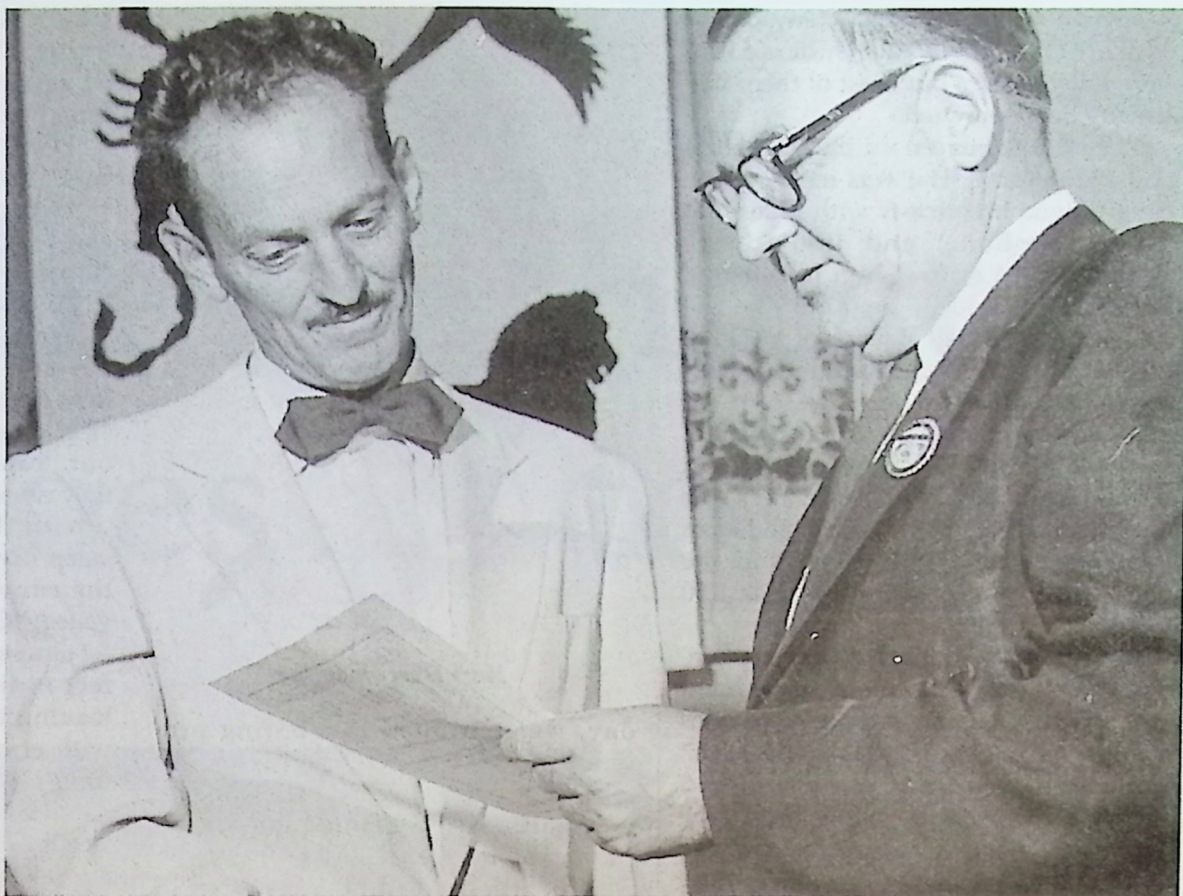
"Here she comes!"

There was a roar through the fog, and the Beechcraft materialized, slamming down at top landing speed.

The co-pilot jumped out, opened the passenger door, and shouted: "Get in!"

Clutching the recording, I boosted Gwen up ahead of me, the door crashed behind us, and the forward acceleration kicked us back into our seats.

Once we were out of the Monterey fog, the trip to San Carlos — Gwen's first plane ride — was lovely. And from the airport a cab dashed us into San Francisco for another of KYA's up-to-



In 1959, Karl Barron was honored by California governor Pat Brown for a series he did on KTIM radio in San Rafael called 'Meet Your Richmond-San Rafael Bridge.'

the-minute reports . . . thanks to my friend Earl.

WE HAD AN arrangement with the *Chronicle* under which they were supposed to give me daily leads on hot news. Since newspapers are traditionally opposed to broadcast news, these tips were usually throwaway crud allotted to the paper's third-stringers. However, one morning the dour city editor informed me that the First Lady was scheduled for a news conference at the Palace that afternoon.

I called Hal, and he called back shortly with a posh address on Telegraph Hill.

"Get your ass up there right now!" he screamed, in true editor fashion.

The doorbell was answered by the lady of the house, who, as though in church, silently motioned me into a living room overlooking San Francisco Bay, with Alcatraz Island in the foreground.

When I entered, trailing the mike cord behind me, my interviewee was seated in a straight-backed chair, cup of tea in hand, gazing out at the Bay. She turned

to me with a gracious smile.

"Hal said you'd be right up." (Hal should have been the one saying "my friend Eleanor." I never did.)

"Mrs. Roosevelt," I said, shaking my head at the offer of tea, "it's very nice of you to grant us this exclusive interview. Our listeners will be thrilled."

"At Hal's request, it's a pleasure."

So began our conversation, which went without a hitch. But I couldn't get that smarmy bastard Hal out of my mind.

I was so mesmerized by the First Lady's magnetism that I've long since forgotten what we talked about. But I've never forgotten my friend Mrs. — oops! what am I saying?

THE TUM SUDEN affair didn't require the station wagon, because of the distance involved.

The six-year-old son of a prominent Bay Area family had disappeared from their summer residence near Downieville, a one-time mining center with a population in 1944 of about 500. The Sierra countryside around Downieville

is pocked with mine shafts, any one of which little Dickie tum Suden could have fallen down, but most of them had already been searched.

When the family raised the possibility of a kidnapping, Hal was in his glory. He arranged broadcasts with himself at the microphone, and invited the kidnappers to contact him personally. He also got hold of a man down the Peninsula who had a team of tracking bloodhounds, and mooched transportation for them to the scene.

I was flown from Buchanan Airfield in the East Bay in an open two-seat trainer. We landed at Grass Valley, the airport nearest to Downieville, and from there good old Hal had arranged for the Highway Patrol to carry me the last 50 miles.

My chauffeur, a grizzled CHP captain, had a good left hand, but his right hand was only a hook and, after several miles of horrifying curves, I was afraid to ask him how he'd lost it. He talked continuously and held to a steady 50 miles an hour, dodging dozens of loaded logging trucks and depositing me, a physical wreck, in Downieville in under two hours.

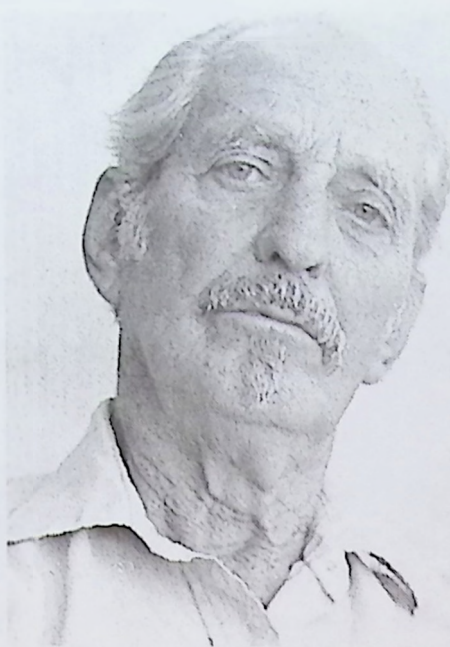
BILL, THE DOG MAN, was there with his best friends. It's said that people begin after a time to resemble their pets, and Bill could have been the third bloodhound, with his flapping jowls, sad baggy eyes, and nondescript brownish hair. He adored his hounds, and their soggy orbs followed him wherever he went.

We started near the tum Suden home. Bill had obtained a shirt belonging to the missing Dickie and, waving it in front of the doleful canines, he chirped: "Okay, dogs. Find the boy. Find Freddie."

After a few choruses of this, during which the dogs merely sat, I ventured to ask how Freddie had got into the act.

"When they were first trained," Bill explained, "we were looking for a missing kid named Freddie. We found him, too," he added proudly, "so, ever since, I use the name. Come on, puppies. Find the boy. Find Freddie."

Finally, the dogs began moving in circles. Having done this a number of times, they returned and sat, tongues lolling. We tried different locales, with the same negative result. For a whole



Karl Barron today

day, we continued this boring procedure.

In the evening, I called Hal, who was very miffed, and blamed me for not picking up the scent.

"I'm supposed to be a reporter," I replied testily, "not a bloody bloodhound."

"But you're not reporting anything!" he shouted.

Finally, he cooled off and said: "The story's not hot anymore. I've arranged for an air-force plane to pick you up at Grass Valley tomorrow. Highway Patrol will run you back to the airfield."

"Oh, God, Hal, not that guy again!"

"What's the matter? Wasn't your driver nice?"

"Forget it."

A different, two-handed patrolman returned me to Grass Valley, where a sleek eight-passenger tin-engine job with air-force insignia waited, its pilot and co-pilot smoking.

"This is an awfully short runway," the pilot said cheerfully. "We barely got in without bashing the hangar."

Sweating, I fastened my seat belt.

"Hold on!" said the co-pilot.

The engines revved to a high scream, the pilot let go the brakes, and we shot forward like an unleashed arrow. At the end of the short runway, the plane dropped with the feel of an elevator at high speed, and I heard trees brushing the undercarriage. Then we were aloft for a lovely ride.

They were to drop me in Santa Rosa,

where Gwen and the kids were still living. This started a controversy, because north of Santa Rosa was an air-force base, and south was a navy base.

"We'll let him off at the air-force base," said the co-pilot.

"Hell, no!" rejoined his partner. "We can't land there without proper clearance."

"So what do we do?"

"We drop him off at the navy base."

A mile before the navy base, as we flew over Santa Rosa, the pilot shouted: "I'm gonna go in fast. You jump right out, 'cause I'm gonna peel off before they can shoot us!"

With that, he put the plane into a steep dive, leveled off a few feet from the runway, bumped to a stop, and yelled: "Go!"

I jumped out, fell down, and got to my feet in time to see the plane already leaving the ground and jeeps loaded with armed sailors converging on me from all directions. The sudden descent had left me with totally plugged ears, so I could only get into a jeep at gunpoint and allow myself to be driven to base HQ.

Fortunately, the transmitter of the local radio station, where I'd previously worked, was right next door and, after the man on duty identified me, I was released.

In any case, the navy brass didn't give a damn about me — that hotshot air-force pilot was the guy they wanted to nail. I hope they didn't.

Little Dickie tum Suden was never found.

THE WAR ENDED, and the short-sighted management of KYA decided the public would no longer be interested in news. We were given alternatives and, not wishing to become a disc jockey, I quit.

Soon after, the CBS outlet in the Bay Area became all news, and it still is. KYA changes its music format now and then. Compare ratings.

By the time I got back into radio news, the tape recorder, already a fixture in most homes, had revolutionized on-the-spot coverage. But that's another story.

Earl, Eleanor, and Henry are all gone now, but they were good people. I still think of them as my friends — though you'll never catch me referring to them that way.

The trashiest shoes in town



Julie Lewis has found a new use for garbage. She makes shoes out of it.

THEY SAY genuine vocations manifest themselves early, and that's certainly true in Julie Lewis' case.

Twenty years ago, when she was still in high school in Palo Alto, Calif., Lewis used to spend so much time at the landfill in search of recyclable items that they finally had to tell her to take out liability insurance, or stop coming around.

Anybody else might have looked for another hobby after such a heartless rebuff — but not Lewis. As the years passed, and she married and started a family of her own, she never gave up searching, like some medieval alchemist, for ways to transmute base materials into gold.

If you fertilize the soil long enough, something will bloom. Three years ago, while meditating for the umpteenth time in her home in Tigard on the dilemma posed for society by its ever-agglomerating mounds of refuse, Lewis got to thinking about a friend of hers who'd figured out a way to weave rugs from the plastic bags they put white bread in. If you can make rugs out of junk like that, she reasoned, why shouldn't you be able to make even more useful things, like . . . hmm . . . well, like the things we walk on rugs in?

And there and then the idea for the Deja shoe — as in *deja vu* — was born.

Not that Deja shoes sprang full-blown

from Lewis' imagination onto the shelves of the nearest retail outlet. Before she could take her idea any further, she had to put in two years developing a suitable fabric out of the non-woven polypropylene that ends up on the floor at factories where they manufacture disposable diapers.

"I collected the stuff," Lewis says, "turned it back into pellets, made the pellets into yarn, and wove the yarn into a new fabric."

Lewis' kids, long accustomed to her obsession with recyclables, took her latest experiments on the kitchen table in stride.

"They just said, oh, there's mom at it again. They were used to thinking of me as some mad-professor type."

Satisfied at last that she'd come up with a perfect material to fashion shoes from, Lewis next found herself in need of advice from an expert on footwear. So she turned to Bill Bowerman, the retired University of Oregon track coach whose innovative designs for sneakers had played an important part in the launch of Nike Corp. by one of his former runners, Phil Knight. Bowerman helped Lewis build a prototype shoe, but that still left her with the problem of financing the manufacture of a first lot of 5,000 pairs. This not insignificant hurdle she cleared by applying successfully for a \$110,000 grant from Portland Metro, which handles recycling in the Portland area.

While she was preparing for the grant interview, Lewis realized she didn't have anything but jeans in her closet.

"I'd been at home with my kids for ten years. I had nothing to wear. So" — ever the impassioned recycler — "I went to a used-clothing store, and bought a power suit."

POWER SUITS are one thing, but marketing expertise is another. Not having any of the latter, Lewis sensibly recruited as partners in her venture three footwear-industry executives, Dan Croft, Bruce MacGregor, and Scott Taylor. In just four years, this talented trio had taken a small company called Avia from \$7 million to over \$200 million in annual sales and acquisition by Reebok. Their knowledge of the business, in combination with Lewis' gift for tracking down sources of the necessary

recyclables, persuaded investors to give the fledgling company the green light to go into production in June 1992 and, ten months later, the first Deja shoes went on sale.

Success was instantaneous. Deja shoes — billed as the "footwear with a past, but built for the future" — are now carried by somewhere between 500 and 600 retailers around the country, including L.L. Bean, Bloomingdale's, and Nordstrom's. Locally, you can find them at Nimbus in Ashland, at prices ranging from \$40 to \$65. If projections hold, the company will sell 50,000 pairs by the end of the year, and do \$50 million in sales in 1994.

Not bad for garbage. And make no mistake about it, that's what Deja shoes are, though of course they're not the sort that attracts flies. In all, there are 18 different types of recycled materials in the company's shoes. Some are scraps left over from various manufacturing processes — e.g., the trimmings from scuba-diving gear. Others are what are known in the jargon of the trade as post-consumer recyclables — e.g., used tires, plastic milk jugs, and aluminum soda cans.

Roughly 80% of the uppers in Deja shoes and 50% of the soles are made out of other people's refuse. No wonder, then, that the company has a vice president for environmental affairs, a PhD in ecology and environmental science named Bob Farentinos.

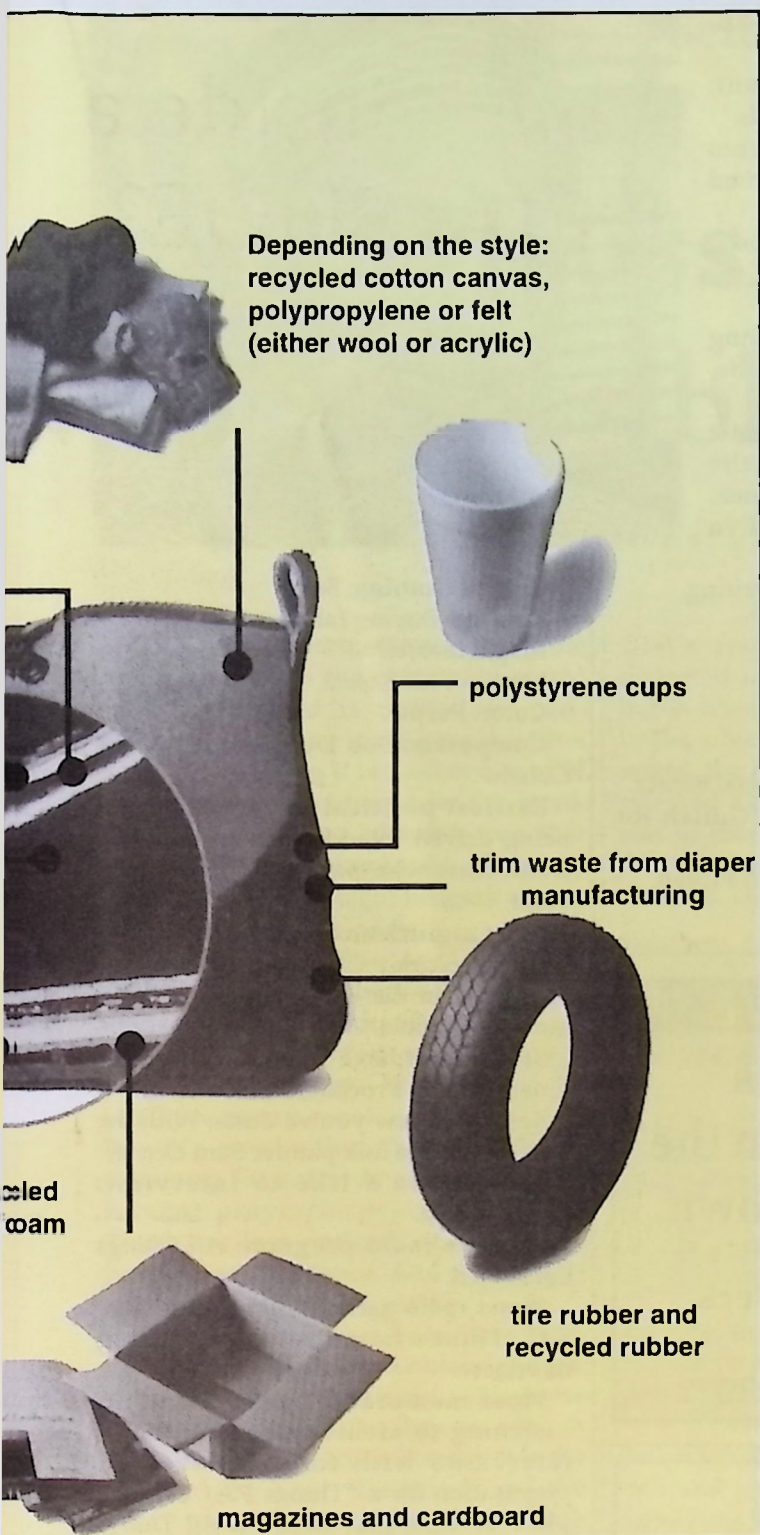
Notes Farentinos: "We can't just call up suppliers and say, send us so many tons of this or that recyclable. We have to sit down with them and actually

What's inside a DEJA SHOE?



come up with new processes for making junk into material that we can put into shoes."

Given Lewis' lifelong passion for recycling, you won't be surprised to hear that she and her colleagues aren't just paying lip service to the concept of recycling in an effort to part the environmentally conscious from their hard-earned "green" dollars. At the company's headquarters in Tigard, they



practice what they preach. Employees sit on used furniture, and write down orders on recycled paper with non-disposable ballpoints. Needless to say, they package Deja shoes only in boxes made from 100% recycled corrugated cardboard, on which they wouldn't dream of printing their logo in anything but water-based inks. And, not coincidentally, the boxes, when turned inside out, prove to be decorated with

tal quality extends beyond the shoes we sell. We're equally concerned about the workplace where people put our shoes together."

Because of this concern, Deja recently switched to a water-based adhesive that doesn't produce harmful vapors. McGregor, Deja's chief executive officer, says this adhesive is just as effective as standard adhesives, and that he hopes other footwear manufacturers will try it.

pictures of endangered animals, so they make ideal containers for recycled birthday presents for the environmentalist who has everything. And, yes, when Deja shoes wear out, customers are encouraged to send them back for further recycling.

In the old days, shipwrecked voyagers, if they got hungry enough, would make meals of their shoes, so it's a good thing they weren't wearing Dejas. No material that ever walked around on the hoof is used in the company's footwear.

"Excess consumption of animal products," the Deja credo states, "contributes to deforestation, species extinction, and loss of biodiversity."

In view of the mountains of awful offal civilization generates, it comes as something of a shock to hear that the biggest challenge Deja faces today is lining up a dependable supply of materials.

"We have no off-the-shelf source," Lewis explains. "So we have to convince suppliers to make, say, shoe sheeting from recycled tires, and to reuse the scrap while they're at it. And, on top of that, we insist that all our processes be environmentally friendly. We won't do something hazardous just for the sake of using recycled materials."

Adds Farentinos: "Our definition of environmen-

"We advocate high standards of health, safety, and environmental protection within our industry," McGregor notes. "And we're committed to sharing our knowledge and experience with other companies."

Though Deja shoes are currently assembled in Asia, it's not because the company wants to send the work abroad, but because no U.S. cloth-shoe factory exists that can handle lots as small as 1,500 pairs. All materials used in the shoes are collected in the U.S., and the mid-sole and inner-sole materials are made here, too. The fabric is made in Canada, and the rubber material for the uppers is sent to a factory in Taiwan, where it's molded and imprinted with the Deja logo. Lewis stresses that Deja's executives check foreign plants out thoroughly, raise issues about pay and working conditions, and provide breathing-protection apparatus and ventilation.

IN YET ANOTHER demonstration of its environmental commitment, Deja will give 5% of its pre-tax profits to the species-survival commission of the World Conservation Union. In turn, the commission will assist Deja in developing environmental-education programs for consumers.

One of the company's goals, according to Lewis, is to get the message out to consumers that recycling involves a lot more than putting plastic out at the curb, and that people aren't really recycling till they're buying recycled goods.

"Recycling ultimately saves species and habitat," she says, "but it won't work unless we can create good competitive products from recycled materials and reach the mainstream market with them."

Toward this end, Deja, which already offers six different shoes, will unveil a seventh next year. The NIMBY sandal — named for the familiar battle cry of those willing to tolerate the existence of landfills, but not in their back yards — will be made of ground-up wine corks mixed with a synthetic rubber binder derived from used tires. The company plans to get the corks from restaurants and wineries by means of a grass-roots collection program. So go ahead — have another for the environment!

Vertamae Grosvenor

Name: Vertamae Grosvenor.
Nickname: Kuta (Gullah for "turtle").
Date of birth: April 4, 19— .
Job: Writer. Host of *Horizons*.
 Commentator on *All Things Considered*.
College: None.
Car: None.
Musical instrument: Some piano.
Pet: None.
Strangest job: Sewing aprons for elephants.
Short-term goal: None.
Long-term goal: To keep going day by day. To keep writing.
Proudest achievement: My grown daughters are now my friends.
Best at: Choosing friends.
If you won the lottery: I'd stay home and write.
Hero: My mother.

Secret ambition: To be a '40s-style torch singer.

Couldn't care less about: Problems of the British royals.

Personal strength: From being an only child, I learned great self-reliance.

Current book: *Jazz Cooks: Portraits and Recipes of the Greats*.

Hobbies: Sewing, collecting fabrics, kitchen paraphernalia, and all things watermelon.

Ideal dinner-party guests: Zora Neale Hurston, Charlie Rose, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Sun Ra, and my friend Eva Hesse.

Favorite book: All great writing.

Author: All great writers.

Actor: Calvin Lockhart.

Actress: Rosalind Cash.

Food: Rice.

Sport to watch: Croquet.

Sport to play: Conversational banter.

Time of day: *Dayclean* (Gullah for "dawn").

Musical performer: Wilson Pickett.

Instrument: Saxophone.



Item of clothing: Scarf.

Splurge: Buying fabric.

Magazine: *Jet*.

Movie: *Viva Zapata*.

Color: Purple.

Composers: Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen.

Earliest political memory: People being driven to and from the polls by Democrats who paid five dollars per voter.

Most significant political event in lifetime: Shirley Chisholm running for president, in the era when real change seemed possible.

Story you'd have liked to cover: The Emancipation Proclamation.

Best interview you've done: With the South Carolina folk painter Sam Doyle.

Person you'd like to interview: George Bush.

Favorite radio program: *All Things Considered*.

Worst radio gaffe: Calling the Aiken, S.C., Hunt's hounds "dogs" during interview.

Most memorable radio moment: Listening to archival tapes of 1930s interviews with former slaves, in preparation for a "Things Past Telling" piece of mine that aired on *All Things Considered* and *Horizons*.

Radio influences: All the people of NPR. Noah Adams as a writer and on-air host.

What you'd be doing if you weren't in radio: Writing a novel on black expatriates in Europe.

Favorite place: Bahia, Brazil.

Place you'd like to visit: I've been there.

Place you'd never return to: None.

Favorite vacation destination: Paris.

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The Russian monk and his possible significance

FATHERS AND TEACHERS, what is the monk? In the cultivated world the word is nowadays pronounced by some people with a jeer, and by others it is used as a term of abuse, and this contempt for the monk is growing. It is true, alas, it is true, that there are many sluggards, gluttons, profligates, and insolent beggars among monks. Educated people point to these: "You are idlers, useless members of society, you live on the labor of others, you are shameless beggars." And yet how many meek and humble monks there are, yearning for solitude and fervent prayer in peace. These are less noticed, or passed over in silence. And how surprised men would be if I were to say that from these meek monks, who yearn for solitary prayer, the salvation of Russia will come perhaps once more. For they are in truth made ready in peace and quiet "for the day and the hour, the month and the year." Meanwhile, in their solitude, they keep the image of Christ fair and undefiled, in the purity of God's truth, from the times of the Fathers of old, the Apostles, and the martyrs. And when the time comes they will show it to the tottering creeds of the world. That is a great thought. That star will rise out of the East.

That is my view of the monk, and is it false? Is it too proud? Look at the worldly and all who set themselves up above the people of God — has not

God's image and His truth been distorted in them? They have science; but in science there is nothing but what is the object of sense. The spiritual world, the higher part of man's being is rejected altogether, dismissed with a sort of triumph, even with hatred. The world has proclaimed the reign of freedom, especially of late, but what do

*An unbelieving reformer
will never do anything in
Russia, even if he is sincere
in heart and a genius.
Remember that!*

we see in this freedom of theirs? Nothing but slavery and self-destruction! For the world says:

"You have desires, so satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the most rich and powerful. Don't be afraid of satisfying them and even multiplying your desires." That is the modern doctrine of the world. In that they see freedom. And what follows from this right of multiplication of desires? In the rich, isolation and spiritual suicide; in the poor, envy and murder; for they have been given rights, but have not been shown the means of satisfying their wants. They maintain that the world is getting more and more united, more and more bound together in brotherly community, as it overcomes

distance and sets thoughts flying through the air. Alas, put no faith in such a bond of union. Interpreting freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of desires, men distort their own nature, for many senseless and foolish desires and habits and ridiculous fancies are fostered in them. They live only for mutual envy, for luxury and ostentation. To have dinners, visits, carriages, rank, and slaves to wait on one is looked upon as a necessity, for which life, honor, and human feeling are sacrificed, and men even commit suicide if they are unable to satisfy it. We see the same thing among those who are not rich, while the poor drown their unsatisfied need and their

envy in drunkenness. But soon they will drink blood instead of wine, they are being led on to it. I ask you, is such a man free? I knew one "champion of freedom" who told me himself that, when he was deprived of tobacco in prison, he was so wretched at the privation that he almost went and betrayed his cause for the sake of getting tobacco again! And such a man says, "I am fighting for the cause of humanity!"

How can such a one fight, what is he fit for? He is capable perhaps of some action quickly over, but he cannot hold out long. And it's no wonder that instead of gaining freedom they have sunk into slavery, and instead of serving the cause of brotherly love and the

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A.M. Best

The State Farm Mutual Insurance Company and four subsidiaries were assigned a 1993 A.M. Best rating of A++ (Superior). According to A.M. Best, "The rating reflects (the group's) conservative operating strategy, extremely strong capitalization, continued outstanding personal automobile results, high-quality investment portfolio and strong loss reserves."

Highway Deaths Drop

USA Today

The nation's highway traffic death toll dropped to the lowest level in 31 years, according to the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. The private group says there were 39,235 traffic fatalities in 1992, down from 41,509 in 1991 and the lowest since 38,091 in 1961. The decade high was 47,087 in 1988. The report credited tougher drunken-driving laws and better built cars.

Storm Victims Get Insurance Tax Break

Miami Herald

A provision in the Clinton administration's budget, passed earlier this year by Congress, changes the tax laws on payments received through homeowners' insurance policies by victims of catastrophes. Under the new law, funds paid by insurers on claims for damaged furnishings are categorically exempt from taxes. Previously such funds were considered taxable capital gains unless they were used to replace lost items. The law also extends to four years the period allowed for the use of insurance payments to repair damages to a house. Previously, if the insurance money paid for a damaged house was not used for house repairs or replacement within two years, the funds became taxable.

Uninsured at Higher Death Risk

USA Today

People who don't have private health insurance die prematurely at twice the rate as people who do, according to a study by doctors at the University of Rochester and the U.S. Public Health Service. Even after accounting for other factors that place people at higher risk of premature death — such as age and health habits — the adjusted rate still places the uninsured at a 25 percent higher risk of death.

Sponsored by Southern Oregon State Farm Agents Laurie Bixby; Bill Cobb, CLU; Judith Compton; Bill Dorris, CLU; Karolyne Hugo; Dan Marshall; Tom Nelson; Lee Niedermeyer; Ric Olney; Jim Sorensen; Rory Wold; David Wise, CLU; and John Yaple.

union of humanity have fallen, on the contrary, into dissension and isolation. . . . And therefore the idea of the service of humanity, of brotherly love and the solidarity of mankind, is more and more dying out in the world, and indeed this idea is sometimes treated with derision. For how can a man shake off his habits, what can become of him if he is in such bondage to the habit of satisfying the innumerable desires he has created for himself? He is isolated, and what concern has he with the rest of humanity? They have succeeded in accumulating a greater mass of objects, but the joy in the world has grown less.

THE MONASTIC WAY is very different. Obedience, fasting, and prayer are laughed at, yet only through them lies the way to real, true freedom. I cut off my superfluous and unnecessary desires, I subdue my proud and wanton will and chastise it with obedience, and with God's help I attain freedom of spirit and with it spiritual joy. Which is more capable of conceiving a great idea and serving it — the rich man in his isolation or the man who has freed himself from the tyranny of material things and habits? The monk is reproached for his solitude: "You have secluded yourself within the walls of the monastery for your own salvation, and have forgotten the brotherly service of humanity!" But we shall see which will be most zealous in the cause of brotherly love. For it is not we, but they, who are in isolation, though they don't see that. Of old, leaders of the people came from among us, and why should they not again? The same meek and humble ascetics will rise up and go out to work for the great cause. The salvation of Russia comes from the people. And the Russian monk has always been on the side of the people. We are isolated only if the people are isolated. The people believe as we do, and an unbelieving reformer will never do anything in Russia, even if he is sincere in heart and a genius. Remember that! The people will meet the atheist and overcome him, and Russia will be one and orthodox. Take care of the peasant and guard his heart. Go on educating him quietly. That's your duty as monks, for the peasant has God in his heart.

—Dostoyevsky,
The Brothers Karamazov

LETTER FROM LONDON

WUGH HARRIS

Aggro, anyone?

I WAS TELEPHONED the other day by a young man who'd got my name from the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. He wanted advice about an early-Victorian staircase.

The house was overlooked by the offices of the Southwark Public Protection Department, and they'd seen him building an extremely good bathroom onto the back of it from their window. The bathroom was far better designed and executed than anything I've ever seen Southwark do.

I don't know whether they decided to "protect" him — i.e., interfere — or whether he asked them to call. Probably the former. Nobody but a fool would invite them round deliberately, and he wasn't that.

"What's that post for?" I said as I surveyed the very strong but ragged-looking staircase.

"Ah," he said, "I don't know what it's for. The man from the Council told me I had to have it there. Says the staircase is dangerous. As you can see, the post doesn't actually do anything. But he insisted, so I put it in."

I had a good long look at the structure of the staircase and the surrounding building. The post was only able to stand upright because it was nailed lightly onto a part of the structure beside it.

"But the bottom isn't touching the ground, and the top isn't pushing up against anything," I said, moving the post from side to side and going up and springing up and down on the floor immediately above it. "And the floor is absolutely rigid, and so is the staircase. It has no structural weaknesses, so what does he think he's playing at?"

Well, of course he doesn't know what he thinks he's playing at, because, if the staircase had needed that post, it'd have been installed some time in the last 150 years, owing to the fact that the building was almost certainly used for light industrial work at some stage. But, you see, this man works for the



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Council, so, having taken the trouble to go round and see what aggro he could stir up, he felt he had to do something.

The fact that he's made the cellar far more difficult to use may satisfy him a little for the time being, but I suspect he'll be back soon to see if there are any other ludicrous decisions to be made.

I've often in the past offered Southwark advice about ancient buildings, but have always been told they knew what they were doing. This man has just demonstrated the point — beyond a shadow of a doubt!

THE MAASTRICHT Treaty has been the week's political football, with John Major and friends refusing to ratify the "Social Chapter." This is the part of the treaty that sets a minimum wage, and generally tries to protect people from their own folly.

How amazingly minimum the wage is alleged to be, too — so minimum that it's hardly worth fixing, as far as I can make out. It's the sort of wage where one would be very tempted to ask whether it wasn't cheaper to stay at home — indeed, if anybody offered me that sort of money (allegedly about £2.50 per hour at present), I'd definitely refuse, on the grounds that I couldn't afford it unless there was something else in it for me. One can, for instance, be fed, or learn something worth learning, on some jobs.

But basically I must be spoiled. I'd feel embarrassed to tell you how much I get paid sometimes (because it's so much, and sounds so greedy), but I don't mind telling you that free-lance lecturers get from £15 to £25 per hour in many fields, with some presumably getting a lot more. I'm in the £15 range at the moment, owing to the fact that I don't have a degree but a diploma!

The worrying thing about this minimum-pay situation is that it hits the most vulnerable people the hardest — in particular, those who aren't bright enough to see that there may be a point at which it isn't a good idea to work, because you make a loss by doing so.

So various back-bench Tories rebelled against that omission, and most of the other parties likewise, and for a moment the bookmakers must have

had a field day taking bets that Major would depart owing to a vote of no confidence about Maastricht. The media had been making a big issue of it all

Nadir says it's impossible for him to get a fair trial in this country, and he's probably right. Nobody else can

week — largely, one presumes, because there's nothing else to get steamed up about at this time of year in the way of home news — even for those who were once referred to as "the most shockable people in England," the Fleet Street reporters. Had I had my wits about me, I'd already have felt it was near-enough impossible for Major to lose that particular battle, and I could have placed a bet.

THE EUROPEAN sales manager of a woodwind-instrument manufacturer wrote to me this week because he's interested in my ideas about woodwind mechanisms. I'd previously told him I wasn't willing to discuss anything at all with him without a written understanding that would enable me to act against them if they broke my trust — as happened to me with an electrical manufacturer, MK Switchgear. (Once bitten, twice shy. For over 20 years, MK manufactured my design and never paid me a penny. So this time there's some caution about me.) I'd also suggested that he might like to ask Black and Decker if he didn't know how to write such an undertaking, because they have a standard one that's not too bad. He wrote back quite promptly, telling me it was just an oversight he hadn't already sent such a thing, but that, as they're an "ethical international manufacturing company," they already have in place a suitable agreement that we should both sign. Here it is:

"Confidential Disclosure. This will confirm our oral understanding that all disclosures made to the Musix Co., Ltd., regarding my new designs for woodwind instruments are to be considered confidential. Such disclosures are made for the purpose of your understanding and approval of my invention, and in the event that no

agreement is reached and executed, it's understood that the disclosures are maintained in confidence, and that you'll make no use whatsoever thereof, and all relevant designs and paperwork will be returned."

Looks fair enough, doesn't it? But so far we've had no discussion, and therefore there's been no oral understanding. The only exchange at all on this subject has been written. Thus I've crossed out the "oral" and signed my alteration, and intend to insist they sign it too.

But that's not all. The term "you" in the last paragraph needs to be replaced with something like "neither you nor Musix Co., Ltd., nor any associated companies will make use whatsoever thereof."

It's the cynicism of age that's coming upon me.

ASIL NADIR, the fugitive tycoon hiding out in northern Cyprus, has decided to publish a selection of bits of paper that he thinks prove he was set up by the CIA, M16, etc., in an attempt to destabilize northern Cyprus. Perhaps these are the promised revelations that will make Watergate look like a vicar's tea party. No paper has yet got hold of any details, and it's gossiped that the judge forbade Nadir to publish anything until the case had been heard, because it might prejudice things!

The question of whether the judge took a bribe or not has disappeared for the moment, and allegations of dodgy dealing on the part of the Serious Fraud Office may well be in these documents.

Nadir has already said it's impossible for him to get a fair trial in this country, and I think he's probably right. Nobody else can.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND pension fund has managed to lose £800 million. As those who run this show will all be good God-fearing men, nobody has suggested any improprieties — just incompetence.

During the financially energetic days of the late '80s, when it seemed there'd be no end to the "prosperity" that was about, they were investing in property,

and between then and now the theoretical value of the properties in question has come down. Now they have to get their skates on to make up the deficit, because, if not, there'll need to be a Society for the Relief of Distressed Clergy. Actually, as charities are so successful, it may be a more profitable way of proceeding.

The silly thing is, they must have been paying some very good money indeed to someone for what they thought was "professional" advice, and that must have been why they continued to invest after it was apparent to many that the bubble was about to burst. They made, one imagines, the same sort of mistake that little operators like me made: they chose to listen to someone else rather than reason it through and be responsible for their own decisions.

In 1989, I knew a recession was coming, but was talked out of believing it by various financial "whiz kids." Thus, neither they nor I were ready, and they should have been listening to me rather than the other way round.

Whilst on the subject of pension funds, I should tell you about the British Coal pension fund, which has just finished going through the courts.

The company had a theoretical surplus of about £500 million in its pension fund that the government wanted to get hold of to balance the books in relation to another British Coal activity. British Coal said the money was the property of the pensioners, whilst the government said it was the government's because any surpluses in a state industry belong to the government.

The pensioners "won."

TONIGHT'S GIG is at the Epsom Liberal Club. My son is coming. He says the clubs are getting fuller and fuller in his area, and the pubs emptier and emptier, and the reason is that the beer is cheaper in the clubs, so that the price of membership, which usually buys you membership in hundreds of other affiliated clubs all over the country, is worth paying.

Sounds very rational and normal — but then I suddenly ask myself, why is it so important to drink that people will search out the most economical way of doing it if they're broke, instead of just stopping doing it?

THEATER
ALISON BAKER

17th-century B-movie

The White Devil, by John Webster. At the Oregon Shakespeare Festival through Oct. 1. *The Illusion*, by Pierre Corneille; freely adapted by Tony Kushner. At the OSF through Oct. 30.

JOHN WEBSTER'S *The White Devil* is a remarkable piece of entertainment. Two hours and 40 minutes of lust, revenge, and murder most foul speed by with nary a dull moment, leaving us a little breathless, a little confused and, alas, without much sense of fulfillment.

We expect tales of vengeance to carry some feeling that justice has been served — a villain punished, a victim vindicated. Even when we disagree with a particular act of reprisal, we're usually willing to sympathize with the perpetrator if we understand what's driven him to it. But *The White Devil* has no sympathetic characters: they're all selfish, ambitious, and unpleasantly prone to violence.

Vittoria (Domenique Lozano) is as close as we get to a heroine, but we're never sure of her motivations. Proud and self-assured, she *seems* to love the Duke of Brachiano (Rick Hamilton), but does she? Or is she merely seeking security for herself and her impecunious family? As for Brachiano, he appears smitten with her, but surely a true lover would never denounce her so fast at the mere suggestion of infidelity, as he does in the second act. And when he's shown a vision of the murder of his wife, Isabella (Fredi Olster), he's gleeful. He's got charm, but you can't like him.

Vittoria's brother, Flamineo (James Newcomb), is the

liveliest of the bunch. He's witty and cunning, but he doesn't inspire affection. Caring nothing for honor or love, but only for his own advancement, he pulls the strings that set the play in motion, cleverly arranging for Brachiano's trysts with Vittoria, and facilitating the murder of Isabella while himself doing away with Vittoria's husband (with an audible crack of the neck). He even kills his own unarmed brother while his mother watches. No hero here!

And what of Francesco, the Duke of Florence (Dan Kremer)? The brother of Isabella, he's the one character whose desire for revenge seems, under the circumstances, understandable. He's tempted by the qualities of mercy and reason, and his fondness for his precocious nephew, Giovanni (played with great earnestness by Andrew Burt), goes a long way toward gaining our sympathy. But in the end he, too, resorts to murder.

Love doesn't make this world go round — it's more a frenzied floundering for survival. We can't understand these characters, because they don't seem much like us. We like to think our own desires for justice have more to do with reason than with mere retaliation.

The program notes compare Webster's play to the *Godfather* movies, and that is where the appeal lies. We're enthralled by a strict society where breaking the rules is swiftly judged and punished; we're fascinated by the flaunting of power for its own sake; and — admit it — we *love* outrageously



'The White Devil' at the OSF

inventive violence. The sudden crack of vertebrae, the screams of the victim of a poisoned helmet, the collapse of a woman who kisses a tainted painting, torture and death on a homemade rack — *The White Devil's* methods rank right up there with the ingenious murders in modern movies.

So it's good entertainment. The cast is terrific, the action's lively, and there are some good lines. But best of all are the long, drawn-out death scenes. Like a grade-B action movie, the play's so full of bloody murders that by the end we're simply laughing at them.

I WAS SURPRISED by the audience's reaction to *The Illusion*. They loved it!

Well, that's entertainment. Take us out of ourselves for a couple of hours, fill the stage with fog and flickering lights, gaze into a crystal ball and throw some flames — such well-performed tricks deserve a standing ovation. And so what if the tales of flirtation, jealous rivals, and scheming maidservants are so much froth — and not particularly interesting froth at that?

Pridamant of Avignon (Sandy

McCallum) long ago drove his son Clindor (Don Burroughs) away from home. In his old age, he longs to see him again, so he approaches the magician Alcandre (Molly Mayock) for help, and she conjures up scenes from Clindor's life since he left his father's house.

Thanks to her magic, Pridamant sees Clindor love and lose, and fight and die. And like a typical ambivalent father, he slips from pride in his son to disappointment and back. After several lifetimes seem to have passed, Alcandre reveals her biggest trick of all, and Pridamant goes home alone.

There are deep matters dealt with here: the eternal rift between fathers and sons, the need of the young to make their own way in the world and, on another level, our old favorite high-school essay topic, Appearance Versus Reality. We're reminded that all the world's a stage. And the dialogue is bursting with verbal virtuosity. Playwright/adaptor Tony Kushner (now famous for his award-winning *Angels in America*) clearly had fun rewriting this 17th-century play for modern audiences.

I guess it's a play for lovers of theater: you find in it what you put there yourself.

The cast is excellent, and I'll admit, the special effects make it all worthwhile. Even I liked it when the man vanished before our eyes!

Dry ice, trap doors, magic wands — that's entertainment, pure and simple.



Baby-boom boon

Sergio and Odair Assad play Rameau, Scarlatti, Couperin, and Bach. Elektra/Nonesuch 79292-2.

THE GUITAR HAS always been the favorite instrument of the baby-boom generation, and this may explain why, after a decline that lasted nearly 150 years, the classical guitar is currently enjoying its greatest popularity since the days of Boccherini, Sor, Giuliani, and Paganini.

Sparked by Andres Segovia, and nurtured by a succession of stars including Christopher Parkening, John Williams, and the Romeros, the revival of interest in the classical guitar has led both to the rediscovery of old works and to the composition of new ones for the instrument. In the recording here under consideration, though, we find the guitar brilliantly employed by two brothers from Brazil, Sergio and Odair Assad, in the performance of music originally written for the keyboard.

In our era of digital fidelity, we've placed a tremendous premium on technique, and I believe guitarists as a group have been guiltier than most of sacrificing artistry to the quest for technical perfection. Too many guitarists play with a style devoid of contrast, dynamic range, and subtlety in articulation and phrasing. The Assads, however, are an exception, and that's one reason why this recording of baroque harpsichord works transcribed for two guitars is so refreshing.

The disc, the Assads' third, marks something of a departure for them,



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since their previous two, also on Elektra/Nonesuch, focused primarily on contemporary Brazilian and Latin American music. Nevertheless, the brothers, who've been performing internationally for 15 years, have been thoroughly schooled in the classical tradition, including a stint with Segovia, and Sergio Assad, who devoted years to making most of the transcriptions on the new release, drew inspiration from pianist Vladimir Horowitz's recordings of Scarlatti's keyboard sonatas.

Whenever you have an hour of continuous guitar-playing, particularly of music from the same period, tedium is a real possibility — but not here. At pains to vary their selections, the Assads relieve the nine cerebral pieces by Rameau with two lighter ones by Couperin, which in turn are followed by the familiar third prelude and fugue from the *Well-Tempered Clavier*. The latter, the only Bach on the disc, serves as an excellent transition to the concluding 40-minute-long collection of ten Scarlatti sonatas. Indeed, the Rameau and Scarlatti groupings function almost as two large works, set off by the Couperin and Bach.

But where the Assads do most to avoid the risk of tedium is in their playing. These renditions are among the finest I've ever heard. There isn't a phrase that isn't articulated with the utmost care, and not a voice that isn't delineated with crystal clarity. The brothers employ wonderfully expressive contrasts in dynamics and coloring to shape phrases, without losing sight of the classical ideals of economy and understatement. And no small part of the success they achieve is due to the near-perfect marriage of guitar and material.

TO MODERN sensibilities, the harpsichord can often be dissatisfying, because of its lack of dynamic range and color. On the other hand, the piano can seem out of place as a substitute for the harpsichord — like a pile driver used to crack nuts. So that, as I listened to the Assads, I frequently found myself thinking that this is the only way these pieces should sound. The antiphonal effect of two performers adds an even broader dimension, particularly to the Scarlatti sonatas. What begin as soliloquies develop into dialogues, and we gain new insight as a

result. The splendid performances are further enhanced by the rich sound and lively stereo imaging achieved by engineer Judith Sherman.

The Assads are proof that great technique can be applied with great artistry. I can't recommend a recording more highly.

Russ Levin hosts Siskiyou Music Hall on JeffersonPublic Radio's Classics & News Service.



Tchaikovsky's 3rd was worth the wait

FOR MANY YEARS, the only Tchaikovsky symphonies available on LPs were Nos. 4-6, so it was a long time before my curiosity was satisfied as to what the great romantic composer's first three symphonies sounded like.

Nos. 1 and 2 — "Winter Dreams" and the "Little Russian" — proved to be full of lyrical tunes and thoroughly delightful, if not as profound as the later Big Three. But, from the trouble I had finding a recording of the Symphony No. 3 in D, Op. 29 (the "Polish"), for years I imagined it must be so boring nobody could stand listening to it — or even sit listening to it, as is more often the case. Maybe, I thought, valiant efforts had been made to record it, but the musicians had all nodded off before the end of the fifth movement (yes, there are five).

To my surprise, when No. 3 finally made its appearance on an LP, I discovered that it wasn't bad at all. Sure, it was a far cry from the "Pathetique," but it was just as melodious as Tchaikovsky's first two, and every bit as worthy of inclusion in my record collection. And today there are at least six different recordings of the "Polish" to choose from, on compact discs.

I own CDs of all six Tchaikovsky symphonies, plus the "Manfred" Symphony. Though Tchaikovsky

scored the "Manfred" for the usual orchestra and divided it into the traditional four movements, it has a title rather than a number because it's based on Byron's poem of the same name and has a "program," or story.

When it comes to the Symphony No. 1, I recommend the Von Karajan/Berlin Philharmonic recording (Deutsche Grammophon 419 176-2).

For No. 2, try Abbado and the Chicago Symphony (CBS Masterworks MK 39359).

Though I own and like the Oslo Philharmonic's rendition of No. 3, conducted by Marriss Jansons (Chandos 8463), this previously neglected work has now been recorded by the likes of Van Karajan and Muti, should you prefer a Big Name.

My pick for No. 4 is Solti and the Chicago (London 414 192-2), but there are some 28 competitors, and I don't claim to have heard them all.

I bought Previn conducting the Royal Philharmonic in No. 5 (Telarc CD-80107), and Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in the "Pathetique" (Delos CD 3016).

As for the "Manfred," Muti and the Philharmonia Orchestra do an outstanding job on it on an all-digital recording dating from 1982 (EMI CDC 7 47412 2).

BUT LET'S imagine for a moment you love all of Tchaikovsky's symphonies, and want more. Lucky you, you can try his other orchestral music — the concertos, tone poems, overtures, and ballet suites. The Piano Concerto No. 1 and the solitary Violin Concerto belong in the basic library of every lover of romantic music. There's also *Romeo and Juliet*, which has to be one of the two biggest orchestral tear-jerkers ever written (the other being the "Prelude und Liebestod" from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*). And who doesn't know the 1812 *Overture*, the *Nutcracker Suite*, *Swan Lake*, and *The Sleeping Beauty*? There are more memorable melodies per square second in Tchaikovsky's ballet suites than in most Broadway musicals.

Francesca da Rimini, "Marche Slave," and the Variations on a Rococo Theme for cello and orchestra are also well worth having around, as is Tchaikovsky's rarely performed Suite for Orchestra No. 3, Op. 55 (especially the

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18-minute final theme and variations).

If after adding all these CDs to your collection you still pine for more Tchaikovsky symphonies, why not give his contemporary Vasily Sergeyevich Kalinnikov a try? Kalinnikov wrote two Tchaikovsky-like, very Russian, highly romantic symphonies that were quite popular a century ago and seem to be enjoying a comeback now, after disappearing from the repertoire for many decades. I caught one of them on a Chicago Symphony broadcast not long ago, and CDs of them seem to be popping up left and right.

*This is
perfect
music for
romantics
with a
tolerance
for heavy
brass*

YOU CAN FIND Kalinnikov's two symphonies paired on *Le Chant du Monde* (LDC 278926), in authentic Russian performances by the USSR State Academy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Evgueni Svetlanov. Unfortunately, the sound on this CD leaves a lot to be desired, probably because the recordings were made in Moscow in 1967 and 1975. For better quality, an all-digital Chandos CD is available of No. 1 with Neeme Jarvi conducting the Scottish National Orchestra (is there anything Jarvi hasn't recorded?). Too bad the performance doesn't sparkle as much as the sound. (This performance is paired, incidentally, with two pieces by Glazunov, which will complicate your life if you like to file your CDs alphabetically by composer.)

I've never heard it, but my catalogue lists a performance of the No. 1 by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (RLF 1886), along with music by Liadov, Glinka, Mussorgsky, and Rubinstein (an alphabetical organizer's nightmare!). I know I'd miss the fantastic sound reproduction we're capable of today, no matter how exciting Toscanini's interpretation might be.

Finally, Kalinnikov, like Tchaikovsky, is a perfect match for today's high-power stereo systems, especially those owned by listeners with romantic hearts, not to mention a tolerance for heavy brass.

Please, God, don't bring them back

The Fifties, by David Halberstam. Villard Books; 800 pages; \$27.50.

FOR THE RECORD, state your name and occupation.

—On my attorney's advice, I respectfully decline to answer, on grounds that the answer might —

Come on. You're not seriously suggesting it could possibly incriminate you to state your *name*?

—On my attorney's advice, I decline to answer, on grounds that —

Yes, yes, we know the drill. Given your obviously hostile attitude, it's probably a waste of time to ask this next question, but, once again for the record, are you now, or have you ever been — ?

—Let me save you the trouble. When I was ten, I was a card-carrying member of the Early Eyeball Fraternal and Marching Society, whose president was Ernie Kovacs. The society's motto was: "We say this now with no misgiving — if you're not an Eefm, you're not living!" With the exception of sporadic memberships in the Book of the Month Club, which I can't resist joining every time they offer me four books for four bucks, that's the extent of my affiliations — if it's any of your business.

I'm merely trying to determine whether you're qualified in any special way to review David Halberstam's new book on the '50s. You say you were never a red. Have you ever known any reds?

—Two or three. I had an aunt who was a communist when I was growing up.

Now we're getting somewhere. An actual Party member, or just the usual parlor pink?

—You're insulting her memory. She worked in a factory. She was a shop steward, and an organizer for a notorious left-wing union.

That doesn't necessarily make her a Party member.

—In the late '40s, she ran for office on

the same ticket with Howard Fast and Paul Robeson. Photos survive of her sharing a platform with those two worthies. A few years later, she was subpoenaed by a congressional committee — at which point she became an unperson in the family. One of my uncles was working in television at the time and, after the FBI visited him at his office about her, he arranged to meet her in a dark street and shouted at her hysterically that, if she ever came near him again, he'd tell them all about her collection of books from the Little Lenin Library.

And what was your relationship with this aunt? Did she ever try to brainwash you?

—Constantly. We used to have some wonderful arguments — not like the

boring conversations people have about politics nowadays. As a matter of fact, she'd make an excellent subject for Halberstam — or would if he was a historian instead of a journalist. I mean, if he didn't suffer from the journalist's delusion that public figures matter. But he'd rather write about Adlai and Ike, and Tricky Dick and J. Edgar, and even Lucy and Desi — as though anyone who was having *fun* could possibly have been representative of the '50s.

People didn't have fun in the '50s?

—Only the kind of fun that would interest specialists in morbid psychology. I remember, in 1955, when I was in the ninth grade, the kid who sat next to me in social studies — a class with a suspicious name if ever there was one — was convinced our teacher was a communist.

What made him think so?

—She *looked* like a communist — that is, not like my aunt, who was something of a firebrand, but like the sort of joyless prig who was always shown on "I Led Three Lives" presiding over cell meetings in the back of seedy bookshops. She wore mannish suits and tied up her hair in a tight bun, her nylons sagged, her fingers were nicotine-stained down to the second knuckle and, whenever she mentioned

"the people" or "the workers" — as will occasionally happen in social studies — he'd elbow me in the ribs and wake me up. Things got to the point with him where he started following her home after school. If she went into a butcher shop to buy a lamb chop for dinner, he didn't doubt for a minute the butcher was passing her instructions from the Kremlin, probably about *him*. Then one day she looked around and caught him skulking behind her. That naturally annoyed her, and she backed him up against a wall and demanded to know what he thought he was doing. He told me he nearly keeled over from the smell of her perfume at such proximity, and I believe it. I'm sure he got as sick a thrill from being at her mercy as — well, as Edward Teller did from watching the

first H-bomb test. After that test, Teller sent an exultant wire to those of his colleagues who'd opposed the development of the bomb on moral grounds. Can you guess what it said?

I give up.

—"It's a boy!"

You got that anecdote from Halber-

If she went into a butcher shop to buy a lamb chop for dinner, he didn't doubt for a minute the butcher was passing her orders from the Kremlin

stam, of course?

—That's right. His book's not altogether devoid of interest, but, because of its preoccupation with celebrities, what you don't get from it is anything like the actual feel of the period. Unless you were there, it's hard to describe, but it was a time when — if you'll excuse me for resorting to a vulgar image — in public places people were forever emitting silent frightened farts. Public places always smell bad, but never as bad as they did back then, from sweaty fear. You have to admit it took a lot of guts to be a communist in those days, but even communists like my aunt were afraid of seeming too alive. One night, when I was 17 or 18, we drank a bottle of vodka together, and she swore me to secrecy and said she had something she needed to get off her chest. I thought she was going to tell me she was spying for the Russians, but it turned out to be a lot worse than that. "I write poetry," she whispered. You'd have thought she was confessing to a murder.

A message from the wanderer

TODAY OUTSIDE your prison I stand
and rattle my walking stick: Prisoners, listen;
you have relatives outside. And there are
thousands of ways to escape.

Years ago I bent my skill to keep my
cell locked, had chains smuggled to me in pies,
and shouted my plans to jailers;
but always new plans occurred to me,
or the new heavy locks bent hinges off,
or some stupid jailer would forget
and leave the keys.

Inside, I dreamed of constellations —
those feeding creatures outlined by stars,
their skeletons a darkness between jewels,
heroes that exist only where they are not.

Thus freedom always came nibbling my thought,
just as — often, in light, on the open hills —

you can pass an antelope and not know
and look back, and then — even before you see —
there is something wrong about the grass.
And then you see.

That's the way everything in the world is waiting.

Now — these few more words, and then I'm
gone: Tell everyone just to remember
their names, and remind others, later, when we
find each other. Tell the little ones
to cry and then go to sleep, curled up
where they can. And if any of us get lost,
if any of us cannot come all the way —
remember: there will come a time when
all we have said and all we have hoped
will be all right.

There will be that form in the grass.

—William Stafford

William Stafford died on August 28. The above poem is from *Stories That Could Be True* (Harper and Row, 1977).



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Journal

Continued from page 11

Happy Birthday to You: If chamber music is your bag, you'll be delighted to hear that a number of world-class artists are headed for Southern Oregon State College to help the college celebrate the tenth anniversary of its subscription Chamber Music Concerts. This seasons' four-concert series will feature the American Chamber Players on Nov. 19, the Emerson String Quartet on Jan. 15, the Cavani String Quartet on Feb. 13, and pianist Andre-Michel Schub on March 6. Reserved seats for the series will set you back \$60 (\$54 unreserved).

The subscription series will be followed on April 14 by a concert featuring the internationally acclaimed I Solisti Di Zagreb. Tickets for this performance, plus a reception for the musicians afterwards, are \$18 (\$17 unreserved).

For tickets or a brochure, call 552-6154 between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Monday through Friday.

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Specials this month

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

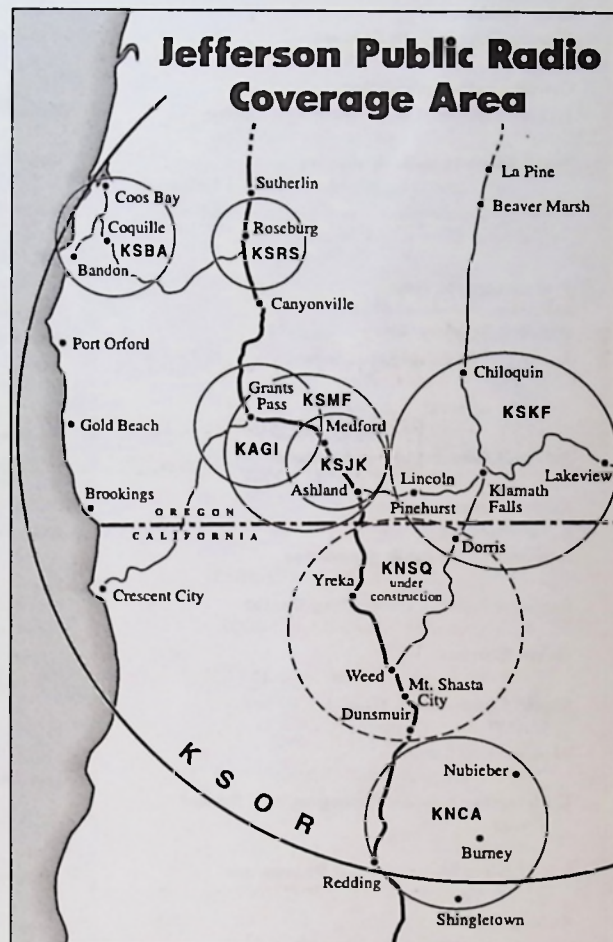
The Cincinnati Pops comes to Classics & News this month with 13 concerts of pops favorites conducted by **Erich Kunzel**. Hear the series Sundays at 2 p.m., beginning Oct. 10, with a special Halloween pops concert on Oct. 31. Also, **Classical Countdown** is a weekly review of the nation's favorite classical recordings, hosted by **Rich Caparella**. Join us Sundays at 3 p.m., beginning Oct. 10.

Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

BluesStage moves this month to a new time: Sundays at 2 p.m., and this month features an exclusive concert recording by **B.B. King**. Also, the **Retro Lounge** is coming! **Lars Svendsgaard's** weekly survey of rock rarities and oddities from the 1960s airs Saturday nights at 9 p.m., beginning Oct. 2.

News & Information Service KSJK

SOSC football broadcasts continue on **KSJK** Saturdays at 1:15 p.m., with the exception of the Oct. 16 game against Western Oregon, which will air at 4:45 p.m. Also, this month's special call-in program, heard on all services, will focus on the issue of sales taxes. With voters in Oregon deciding this fall on a sales tax to fund state services, how will such a tax impact the state? And how has California's sales tax affected its citizens? Join News Director **Annie Hoy** on Wednesday, Oct. 20, from 7 to 9 p.m.



Volunteer Profile: Jay Marble

Jay Marble is one of JPR's most talented news volunteers. Not only does he get up very early in the morning to sign the stations on on Thursdays, but he spends many hours producing news features for the **Jefferson Daily**.

Jay is a native of Crawfordville, Ore. (near Sweet Home), and is a graduate of the University of Oregon, with a B.A. in geography. After spending quite a few years traveling all over the world, he settled in Ashland in 1990, where he's made a living as a carpenter.

He came to Jefferson Public Radio in reply to one of our on-air solicitations for news volunteers.

"I was sitting in my apartment one day, going absolutely crazy, wanting a new career direction," he says. "When I heard the announcement requesting news volunteers, I thought I'd check it out."

Jay adds that he isn't volunteering simply out of altruism. "I feel I'm receiving as much as I'm giving, and I'd like to pursue this as a career."



Dial Positions in Translator Communities

Bandon	91.7	Happy Camp	91.9
Big Bend, CA	91.3	Jacksonville	91.9
Brookings	91.1	Klamath Falls	90.5
Burney	90.9	Lakeview	89.5
Callahan	89.1	Langlois, Sixes	91.3
Camas Valley	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh	89.1
Canyonville	91.9	Lincoln	88.7
Cave Junction	90.9	McCloud, Dunsuir ..	88.3
Chiloquin	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake	91.9
Coquille	88.1	Port Orford	90.5
Coos Bay	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille	91.9
Crescent City	91.7	Redding	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake	88.1	Roseburg	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide	89.3
Gasquet	89.1	Weed	89.5
Gold Beach	91.5	Yreka, Montague	91.5
Grants Pass	88.9		

CLASSICS & NEWS

KSOR 90.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSOR dial positions for translator communities
listed on previous page

KSRS 91.5 FM
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 NPR World of Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered	7:30 Ashland City Band	4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Cincinnati Pops
		5:00 America and the World	3:00 Classical Countdown
		5:30 Pipedreams	4:00 All Things Considered
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	5:00 State Farm Music Hall

Rhythm & News

KSMF 89.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSBA 88.5 FM
COOS BAY

KSKF 90.9 FM
KLAMATH FALLS

KAGI AM 930
GRANTS PASS

KNCA 89.7 FM
BURNIE

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 BluesStage
4:00 All Things Considered	9:30 Dracula (Wenesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	9:30 Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Possible Musics
		9:00 The Retro Lounge	
		10:00 Blues Show	

News & Information

KSJK AM 1230
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitoradio Early Edition	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	6:00 Monitoradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	1:00 Monitoradio	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:30 Pacifica News	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitoradio	Monitoradio (Tuesday-Friday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Marketplace	10:00 World That Came in from Cold	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 People's Pharmacy (Monday)	3:30 As It Happens	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	6:30 Marketplace	1:00 SOSC Football	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	8:00 BBC Newshour	8:00 BBC World Service	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	9:00 Pacifica News		
The American Reader (Tuesday)	9:30 BBC Newsdesk		
51 Percent (Wednesday)	10:00 BBC World Service		
Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursday)			

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5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Saturday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and Russ Levin. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • NPR World of Opera

Interesting series of operas recorded in the Netherlands, including a performance on Aug. 14 of

Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Charodeyka*.

2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Sunday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00pm • The Cinannati Pops

Erich Kunzel conducts this series of pops concerts. Begins Oct. 10.

3:00pm • Classical Countdown

Rich Caparella hosts this review of the nation's favorite classical recordings. Special segments include "Turkey of the Week." Begins Oct. 10.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Program Highlights for October

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

Oct 1 F SAINT SAENS: Piano Concerto No. 2

Oct 4 M DEBUSSY: "La Mer"

Oct 5 T HAYDN: Symphony No. 86

Oct 6 W STRAVINSKY: "Fairy's Kiss"

Oct 7 Th BEETHOVEN: Quintet, Op. 16

Oct 8 F LISZT: Piano Concerto No. 1

Oct 11 M BACH: Brandenburg Concerto No. 5

*Oct 12 T VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis*

Oct 13 W MOZART: Symphony No. 35, "Haffner"

Oct 14 Th MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto

Oct 15 F BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonata No. 17, "Tempest"

Oct 18 M DVORAK: Violin Sonata in F

Oct 19 T RAVEL: Piano Concerto

*Oct 20 W IVES: String Quartet No. 1

Oct 21 Th RAFF: Symphony No. 10, "In Autumn"

*Oct 22 F LISZT: "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds"

Oct 25 M SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 6

*Oct 26 T SCARLATTI: Piano Sonatas

Oct 27 W WEBER: Quintet for clarinet and strings

*Oct 28 Th HANSON: Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"

Oct 29 F ROSNER: *Responses, Hosannas and Fugue*

Siskiyou Music Hall

Oct 1 F SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 6

Oct 4 M MOZART: Violin Concerto No. 5

Oct 5 T DVORAK: Symphony No. 3

Oct 6 W PROKOVIEV: Piano Concerto No. 3

*Oct 7 Th BILLINGS: Anthems and Fuguing Tunes

Oct 8 F SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3

Oct 11 M BRAHMS: Piano Sonata No. 3

*Oct 12 T VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 3, "Pastoral"

Oct 13 W HUMMEL: Septet No. 1 in D

Oct 14 Th BARTOK: Concerto for Orchestra

Oct 15 F BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1

Oct 18 M NIELSEN: Flute Concerto

Oct 19 T MOZART: String Quartet in D, K. 575

*Oct 20 W IVES: Symphony No. 2

Oct 21 Th C.P.E. BACH: Organ Concerto in E flat

*Oct 22 F LISZT: *Les Preludes*

Oct 25 M BRAHMS: Cello Sonata No. 2

Oct 26 T DELLO JOIO: *Meditations on Ecclesiastes*

Oct 27 W BERLIOZ: *Harold in Italy*

Oct 28 Th MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 21

Oct 29 F FRANCK: Violin Sonata

Chicago Symphony

Oct 2 Wagner: Prelude to *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*; Bruch: Violin Concerto No. 1 in G minor, Op. 26; Johann Strauss: Overture to *Die Fledermaus*, *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, Op. 325, "Pizzicato Polka," "Emperor Waltz," Op. 437, "Annen-Polka," Op. 117, Waltz, Op. 314.

Oct 9 Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis* in D, Op. 123. Tina Kiberg, soprano; Waltraud Meier, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Robert Holl, bass-baritone. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.

Oct 16 Beethoven: "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Op. 72, Symphony No. 7 in A, Op. 92, Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor"). Zubin Mehta, conductor. Daniel Barenboim, piano.

Oct 23 Richard Strauss: *Don Juan*, Op. 20; *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, Op. 28; *Ein Heldenleben*, Op. 40. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.

Oct 30 Mendelssohn: Violin concerto in E minor, Op. 64; Prokofiev: Violin Concerto No. 2 in G minor, Op. 63; Brahms: Symphony No. 3 in F, Op. 90. Itzhak Perlman, violin. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

Oct 3 Joseph Silverstein, violin, Richard Zgodava, piano. Bach: Sonata No. 1 for solo violin; Kreisler: Praeludium and Allegro; Tchaikovsky: Melodie in E flat, Op. 42, No. 3.

Oct 10 Melvin Tan, fortepiano, New Mozart Ensemble. Boccherini: Nocturne for Strings and Horn in E flat, Op. 38; Haydn: Piano Variations in F minor; Mozart: Piano Concerto in A, K. 414; Jonathan Dove: *An Airmail Letter from Mozart*.

Oct 17 The Tallis Scholars. Palestrina: *Tu es Petrus*; Padilla: *Lamentations*; Alonso Lobo: *Versa est in luctum*; Francisco Guerrero, *Laudate Dominum*; Gesualdo: Two responsories from *Tenebrae*.

Oct 24 Angela Hewitt, piano. Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Roger Sessions: *From My Diary*; Schumann: *Novelettes*, Op. 21.

Oct 31 Pablo Ziegler Quartet for New Tango. Compositions by Ziegler and Carlos Gardel.

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

Oct 3 Francaix/Schubert: Three Military Marches; Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor, K. 466; Schubert: Symphony No. 6 in C, D. 589. Peter Frankl, piano. Christof Perick, conductor.

NPR World of Opera

Oct 2 *La Straniera*, by Vincenzo Bellini. Cast: Renee Fleming, Rafael Le Bron, Ning Liang, Gregory Kunde, Matteo Manuguerra. Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler, conductor.

Oct 9 *Mazeppa*, by Tchaikovsky. Cast: June Anderson, Sergie Leiferkruss, Paul Plishka, Gegam Grigorian, Frank Barr, Eugenie Grunewald. Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler, conductor.

Oct 16 *Il Pirata*, by Bellini. Cast: Aprile Mollo,

Paolo Coru, Giuseppe Morino, Dwayne Croft, Robert Briggs, Ning Liang. Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler, conductor.

Oct 23 *La Dame Blanche*, by Francois Boieldieu. Cast: Renee Fleming, Robert Swenson, Pierre Charbonneau, James Demler, Korliss Uecker, Eugenie Grunewald. Opera Orchestra of New York, Eve Queler, conductor.

Oct 30 *Cleopatra e Cesare*, by Carl Heinrich Graun. Cast: Janet Williams, Debora Beronesi, Curtis Rayam, Lynne Dawson, Jeffrey Francis, Ralf Popken, Roman Trekel. Concerto Cologne, State Opera. Chorus, Rene Jacobs, conductor.

Cincinnati Pops

Oct 10 Pops with the Pops

Oct 17 Dancing through History

Oct 24 Pops with the Pops II

Oct 31 Halloween



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JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO
Rhythm & News

Monday-Thursday
9am-4pm
Fridays 9am-3pm

Rhythm & News Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Iowa Radio Project

9:30pm • Wed.: Dracula

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • Friday: The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • The Retro Lounge

Your host Lars presents all manner of musical oddities, rarities, and obscurities from the 1960s. Old favorites you've never heard before? Is it déjà vu? Or what?

10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt, Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • BluesStage

Our favorite live blues program moves to a new time. Ruth Brown hosts.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

Program Highlights for October

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Oct 1 Marian, Joe Morello, and Bill Crow reunite the Hickory House Trio
- Oct 8 Barbara Carroll
- Oct 15 John Lewis
- Oct 22 Eileen Farrell
- Oct 29 Ed Bickert

AfroPop Worldwide

- Oct 2 Special live concert to be announced
- Oct 9 A Visit to Cairo
- Oct 16 To be announced
- Oct 23 The South African Jazz Revival
- Oct 30 Cool Things from Brazil

BluesStage

- Oct 3 Kenny Neal, Bobby Radcliff, a Muddy Waters retrospective
- Oct 10 John Mayall, a Howlin' Wolf retrospective
- Oct 17 B.B. King exclusive!
- Oct 24 The Sandra Wright Band

- Oct 31 Felix and the Havanas

New Dimensions

- Oct 3 To be announced
- Oct 10 Beyond Psychotherapy, with Anne Wilson Schaefer
- Oct 17 Stopping Male Violence, with Paul Kivel and Robert Allen
- Oct 24 Natural Gifts, with Wendell Berry
- Oct 31 Honoring the Wisdom Traditions, with Huston Smith

Confessin' the Blues

- Oct 3 The Blues of Alligator Records
- Oct 10 Curtis Salgado (interview and music)
- Oct 17 The Sun Never Sets: Music of the Legendary Sun Label
- Oct 24 Legendary Duos
- Oct 31 Rockin' the 80s, New Orleans Style

Jazzset

- Oct 3 Arthur Taylor, with Taylor's Wailers
- Oct 7 A Tribute to Ed Blackwell
- Oct 14 From Carnegie Hall: "We Remember Erroll"
- Oct 21, 24 The Billy Taylor Trio
- Oct 28 Geoff Keezer, Christian McBride, Joshua Redman

Thistle and Shamrock

- Oct 3 In Concert
- Oct 10 Celtic Classics
- Oct 17 Classical Celts
- Oct 24 Mouth Music
- Oct 31 Celtic Folklore



Marian McPartland of 'Piano Jazz'

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**Saturdays at 6pm
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Rhythm & News Service

Saturdays at 4pm on the
News & Information Service



FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

News & Information Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report

6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News

8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitorradio

10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour

11:00am-Noon Monday • To the Best of Our Knowledge

11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal

11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions

11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks

The CBC's award-winning science program.

12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitorradio

The latest national and international news.

1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitorradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour

6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk
10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • The World That Came in from the Cold

This BBC documentary provides a history of the Cold War from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

200pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine, with a program of interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en español*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

DID YOU KNOW?

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ARTS SCENE

MICHELLE SMIAL, EDITOR

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. October 15 is the deadline for the December issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Theater

•In its 58th season, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has scheduled the following plays: **Richard III** (through Oct. 31); **A Flea in Her Ear** (through Oct. 31); **Joe Turner's Come and Gone** (through Oct. 30); **The Illusion** (through Oct. 30); **Antony and Cleopatra** (through Oct. 2); **A Midsummer Night's Dream** (through Oct. 3); **The White Devil** (through Oct. 1); **Mad Forest** (through Oct. 30); **The Baltimore Waltz** (through Oct. 31). For information on membership, or to receive a brochure on the current season, call (503) 482-2111.

•**Fascinating Rhythm.** Ragtime, Charleston, swing, jazz, and Latin beats abound. So does dancing, including tap, jitterbug, tango, and a cinematic dream ballet. Performances Wednesday through Sunday at 8 p.m. from Oct. 1 through Nov. 6. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

•**Abundance**, comedy by Beth Henley, directed by OSF actress Molly Mayock. Oct. 1-23 at the arena stage at the Old Ashland Armory. Tickets: \$9.50 and \$8.00 at Paddington Station in Ashland. Ashland Community Theatre, 199 Alameda Dr., Ashland. 503-482-0361.

Music

•Horn player **Betty Busch** will perform music for horn and piano by women composers at 8 p.m. on Oct. 8 in the SOSC Music Recital Hall. Tickets: \$4/\$4/\$3. On Oct. 11 at noon, Dr. John Miller will give a free lecture on Beethoven in Room 313 of the Stevenson Union. On Oct. 11 at 7:30 p.m., Dr. Margaret Evans and Dr. Paul French will give a free lecture on

Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in the Choir Room (MUS 231). On Oct. 23 at 8 p.m. and Oct. 24 at 4 p.m., the **Beethoven Festival** will take place. Tickets: \$12.50/\$12.50/\$5. For more information, call the Southern Oregon State College music department at 503-552-6101.

•Pianist **Dean Kramer**, gold medalist in the American Chopin Competition, will perform Mozart's Piano Concerto in C minor with the Rogue Valley Symphony on Oct. 17 at 8 p.m. and Oct. 18 at 4 p.m. at South Medford High School, 815 S. Oakdale Ave., Medford. The program also includes Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter Overture" and Dvorak's Symphony No. 9 ("New World"). For tickets, call 503-488-2521.

Exhibits

•**Ritual Spirits: The Art of New Guinea.** Also, *Measure 5* and *the Arts*. Through Nov. 5. Tuesday - Friday, 11-5; Saturday, 1-5. Schneider Museum of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Siskiyou Boulevard and Indiana Street, Ashland. 503-552-6245.

•**2nd annual Mask Show.** Oct. 4-31. Reception and Masked Ball on Oct. 30 from 6 - 9 p.m. 4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe, 265 4th St., Ashland. 503-488-6263.

•Acrylic paintings by Eugene artists **Trim Bissell** and **Rick Klopfer**, through Oct. 10. Functional pottery and acrylic paintings by **Lynn Rothan**, Oct. 10-Nov. 7. Also, the National Empty Bowl Project, sponsored by Clayfolk and Hanson Howard, will be held on Oct. 22. Local potters will provide works for sale, with proceeds going to feed the hungry. Hanson Howard Gallery, 82 N. Main St., Ashland. 503-488-2562

•**State of Jefferson Biannual Juried Exhibition.** Oct. 1-Nov. 18. For more information, contact the Rogue Gallery, 40 S. Bartlett St., Medford. 503-772-8118.

Klamath Basin

Theater

•**Godspell.** Oct. 1-23. For tickets, contact the Linkville Players, 507 Main



Jeff Warner and Jeff Davis will perform in Roseburg on Oct. 27

St., Klamath Falls. 503-884-6782

Umpqua Valley

Music

•**Bill Staines**, contemporary folksinger/songwriter. Oct. 16, 7:30 p.m. Presented by the Roseburg Folklore Society at the Umpqua Valley Art Center, Roseburg. 503-672-2532

•**Jeff Warner and Jeff Davis**, American traditional musicians. Oct. 27, 7:30 p.m. Presented by the Roseburg Folklore Society at the Umpqua Valley Art Center, Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

Exhibits

•Pastels by **Clark Elster** at the Hallie Brown Ford Gallery. **Images of Immigration**, oils and acrylics by Susan Applegate, at Gallery II of the Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 West Harvard Blvd., Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

Other events

•**Carl Hall**, painting instructor emeritus, and **Robert Hess**, sculptor and instructor at Willamette University. Through Oct. 29. Fine and Performing Arts Dept., Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

•**Myrtle Creek Centennial Bluegrass Festival**, featuring fiddler Richard Greene, 1992 national mandolin champion Radim Zenkl, **HiJinks**, a post-modern bluegrass swing band, and ten bands from the northwest and

California. Oct. 2-3. Millsite Park, Myrtle Creek (I-5 exit 108, half mile to park). Admission free. For more information, call 503-673-9759.

Coast

Theater

•**Pinchpenny Phantom of the Opera.** Oct. 15, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30. Tickets available at the door. For more information, contact the Bandon Playhouse, P.O. Box 1047, Bandon. 503-347-9881.

Other events

•**The Bandon Cranberry Festival** begins on Sept. 30 and continues through Oct. 3. For more information, contact the Bandon Chamber of Commerce.

•**Fall Antique & Craft Sale.** Includes handmade crafts, pottery, ceramics, dolls, glassware, and more. Oct. 9-10 at Docia Sweet Hall, Curry County Fairgrounds, 950 S. Ellensburg, Gold Beach. 800-525-2334.

Northern California

Other events

•**Arts and Tarts.** Oct. 17. Includes wine and gourmet-dessert tasting, art auction, and live music. Funds raised will help support Jefferson Public Radio. Tickets are \$8. For more information, contact Wendy Crist, Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave., Dunsmuir. 916-235-0754.

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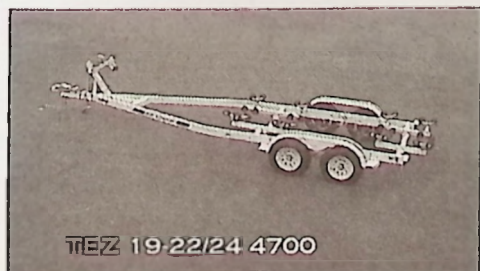
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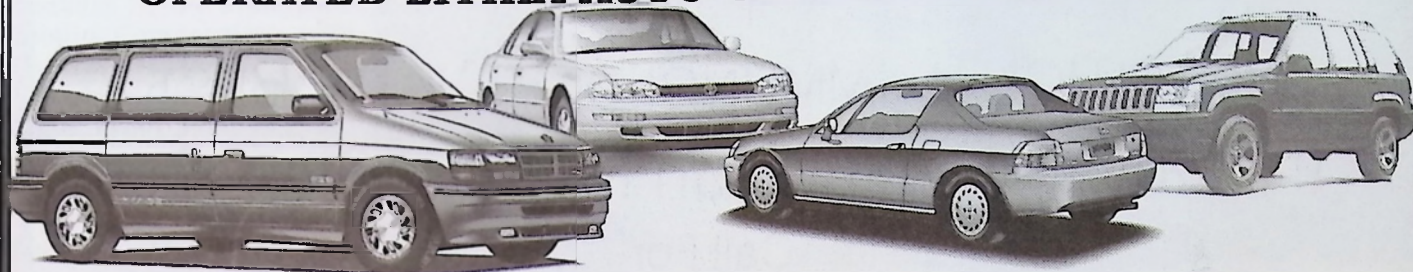
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